THE
NATION

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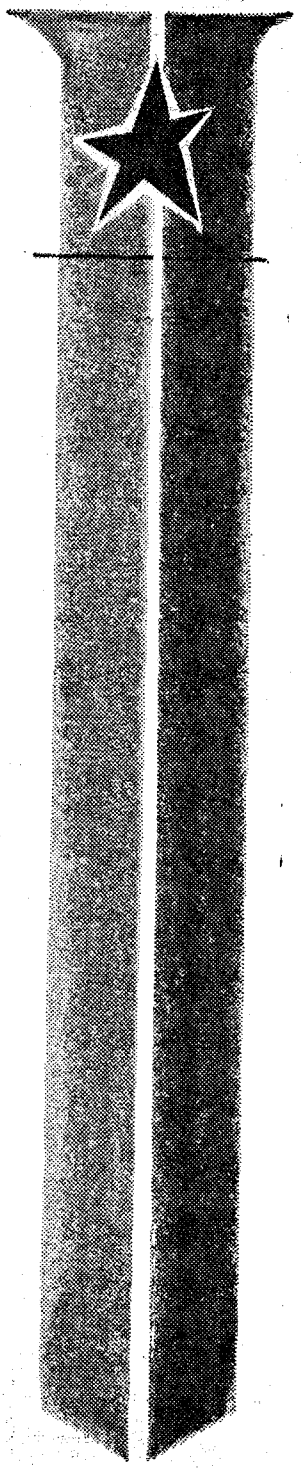

FRANCE

A BLUFF THAT WORKED

Alexander Werth

CUBA

The Disaster We Earned

Editorials

Typewriter Commandos

Richard Seaver

The Charles C. Sherrod Library
EAST TENNESSEE STATE COLLEGE
JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE

AMERICA'S BLACK SUPREMACISTS

Herbert Krosney

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LETTERS

Right Goal, Wrong Means

Dear Sirs: Your editorial "Young Man in a Hurry" (April 22) was obviously written just before the worst of the Cuban mess. If you had waited a few days, you might have added that President Kennedy is in a hurry to involve us in a real shooting war.

A host of so-called "liberals"—Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., is a case in point—are trying to make liberals believe that they should embark upon an all-out anti-Castro crusade. In my opinion, liberals should oppose Castro because he uses the wrong methods, although his goals have much to recommend them. But opposition to the violence of Castro should, in no sense, be used to justify the intervention advocated by your "young man in a hurry."

Las Vegas, N.M. WILLIAM H. FISHER

Hospital Shortage?

Dear Sirs: I commend you for the moderation of Dr. George Silver's article on "The Doctor Shortage and Medical Standards" in your March 18 issue. It avoids the usual phony hysteria. I wonder, though, if the picture, as presented, is still not too dark.

The productivity of the physician has been tremendously increased by the automobile, antibiotics and the custom of practicing practically all major medicine in hospitals. Dr. Silver's recommendation that hospitals should be used *less* seems to me to be the reverse of what is needed. A physician can care for a given number of people in a hospital with far greater ease and efficiency than in their homes. (I am not speaking necessarily of big full-fledged hospitals. America needs a great number of so-called "satellite" hospitals which care for the bulk of medical cases and perhaps some simple surgery, but which feed their major cases and practically all surgery into the large, central hospitals.)

The Hawaiian plantations have shown that starting with some of the worst health statistics, they have been able to produce some of the best health statistics in the world with doctor-patient ratios up to 5,000 people per doctor. It has simply been a matter of efficient arrangement. . . .

Medical standards should be kept high. Lower-grade applicants should not be accepted. Even free tuition won't help. The obvious cure is to re-establish the financial prestige of medicine. In Honolulu, the Kaiser Medical Center has been hiring physicians for approximately $1,000 per month, which is about twice the wage of a stevedore here. Without disparaging a stevedore, it seems to me that the ratio should be 10 to 1 rather than 2 to 1. In the meantime, Kaiser's low medical wage is enabling him to sell prepaid insurance for a very low figure. To compete, Hawaii's equivalent to Blue Shield is severely depressing physicians' fees.

Under these financial circumstances, what intelligent, ambitious youngster is going to be attracted to medicine? The fact that the closed panel plans can hire physicians so cheaply suggests that there is no real shortage of physicians.

No future shortage need develop if this present bitter medical competition can be replaced with sensible doctor compensation, combined with decent working hours.

P. H. LILJESTRAND, M.D.

Aiea, Oahu, Hawaii

'Perverse Festival'

Dear Sirs: "How did this 'perverse festival' come about?" asks L. Jesse Lemisch in his article, "Who Won the Civil War Anyway?" in your April 8 issue.

As one teacher of American history (twentieth-century "abolitionist" opposed to the enslavement of American history teachers), do I dare suggest that it may have come about while the HUAC was asleep on the job?

Whatever the reason, there is one quotation Mr. Lemisch needed to fortify his point. According to the latest announcement from John S. Mickey, business manager of the Sumter Centennial Committee, this is for South Carolina a very real and unmistakable celebration of the Southern "victory." He said: "We regard the war as the beginning of the modern United States. Had it not been for the war, the United States would not be the great and powerful country it is today."

MRS. FRANCES FROST LUSTIG

Charleston, S.C.

Dear Sirs: I will assume that the statement that the Civil War "was fought because the South would not allow the Negro freedom" is the thesis of Mr. Lemisch's article. Unfortunately, while the North does not discriminate against the Negro by law, there is widespread hostility toward him (as, indeed, there is against all minorities). . . . Slavery was related to Southern economics and the Negro became a political tool. . . . Seeing the North as the victor of a great moral battle doesn't help the Negro gain equality now any more than it did a century ago. HILMA COHN

North Hollywood, Calif.

Pedestrians' Voice

Dear Sirs: "Super-Graft on Superhighways," in your April 1 issue, was most informative. This highway graft is part of the vast corruption brought by the motor vehicle and the auto industry. Detroit wants the taxpayer and motorist to subsidize the vast space needed for roads and road facilities regardless of social consequences or costs.

You have rendered a real service in spotlighting this problem for the American public. LEO WILENSKY,

Pedestrian League of America

New York City

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1961
VOLUME 192, No. 18

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

What System, Please?

"Let me then make clear," said Mr. Kennedy to the American Society of Newspaper Editors, "as the President of the United States that I am determined upon our system's survival and success, regardless of the cost and regardless of the peril." When he utters such portentous words, it is well for a head of state to know precisely what he purposes to defend and to be sure that he does not lose it in the process of defending it. Mr. Kennedy has already gone some distance in that direction. What is the system on whose behalf he is prepared to stake all? It is, first, a government of laws, not of men. Yet, in organizing the invasion of Cuba, the Central Intelligence Agency has broken international conventions and domestic statutes without hindrance and without compunction. Then, we are a democracy, in which the elected representatives of the people supposedly disburse public funds, oversee the operations of government bodies and, in extremity, declare war. The Central Intelligence Agency has usurped the functions of the Congress in waging a preventive war with Mr. Kennedy's approval, and so far, with the exception of Senators Wayne Morse and Eugene McCarthy, the Congress has sat mute. We are said to be an open society, in which the press reports the news and is free to praise, criticize or condemn. In this open society, by this mechanism, the government is to be responsible to public opinion. Actually, public opinion has ceased to function, for the government proceeded in secrecy, most of the press abetted it, and the public was faced with a *fait accompli* and invited to rally around the flag.

All this bears but scant resemblance to the American system as understood by the Founding Fathers and their descendants, all the way down to Mr. Kennedy himself. What it does resemble closely is the theory and practice of communism, save in one respect — it isn't as effective. Except for this rather crucial difference, the proverbial visitor from Mars could scarcely distinguish between the performance of the CIA in the Cuban fiasco and the tactics of infiltration, subversion and insurrection laid at the door of "international communism." He would behold the CIA, a body responsible only to the executive arm of the government, carrying on intelligence operations all over the world, many of them involving espionage, sabotage and violence. In the past few years it has overthrown governments (Guatemala, Iran), shored up dictatorships (South Vietnam, Thailand, etc.) and now it has gone so far as to make war by proxy under its almost unlimited powers. It doles out some bits of information, at its own discretion, to selected members of Congress, but in a government of checks and balances it goes unchecked and unquestioned.

And all this, judging by the examples that have come to light, is done badly. This agency, so trusted by the President that he reappointed its director as his first act after being elected to the office, made so many mistakes in the Cuban operation that one can only conclude that its highest officials are addicted to pathologically wishful thinking. But perhaps there is an underlying reason for their blunders which is less to their discredit. Perhaps the entire concept is so alien to the system which the President is sworn to defend that malfunctions are the expression of an irrepressible conflict between democracy and an egregiously undemocratic institution. How can we expect to plot surreptitious warfare in a country in which not all the press can be stifled, in which dissidents cannot be thrown in jail *en masse*, in which absolute unanimity of opinion cannot be enforced, and in which fear can be induced in only a minor part of the population? Mr. Kennedy may be thankful that the conditions have proved so unpropitious for the adventure on which he was persuaded to embark; it is an indication that the American ethos remains more than a tissue of catchwords. Ours is a way of life which, God knows, has at times been practiced imperfectly enough; let the President enumerate for himself those times and avoid those errors. Let him ponder on the essentials of the system he says he holds dear. Arms and armaments will not avail him, but only the application of the principles which guided the Republic in the times of Washington, of Jefferson, of Lincoln and, not least, and not long ago, of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

The Disaster Button

Long-continued national frustration is dangerous, and the more powerful the nation, the greater the danger. The United States has had its share of distasteful and humiliating experiences since the close of

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World War II — the Stalin advance in Europe, the Soviet acquisition of the hydrogen bomb before we developed ours, the first Sputnik, the first Soviet planetary shots, the U-2 incident, the first Russian man in space, Laos, and now the Cuban fiasco. Nerves are rasped and tempers are getting short, and at this juncture we have a President who, as the conservative *Figaro* of Paris pointed out, is stronger in dynamism than in wisdom or experience. It is all-important, then, to acknowledge that our misfortunes have been our own doing, and are not the unmerited blows of fate. In the Cuban debacle, particularly, we asked for exactly what we got. Equally important, all of us — and the President in particular — must control the impulse to act through force. Belligerence, as such, will only enmesh us more deeply in a situation that is already bad enough.

There are signs that the President does not appreciate this, and further, that he has been less than candid. On April 13 he promised that there would be no direct American intervention in Cuba under any circumstances. We now know that this statement had an operational purpose — it was a cover for the commando raid by Cuban counterrevolutionaries under the maladroit direction of the CIA. The disaster which engulfed the invasion and, ironically, the fantastic overpublicizing of its magnitude, now increases the likelihood of a far rasher venture. Stung by the defeat of "our" Cubans (whom the CIA had carefully screened to eliminate left-wing elements), our pride injured, our humiliation compounded by the incredible mismanagement displayed for all the world to see, we now stand in danger of doing what the President assured us we would not do "under any circumstances," i.e., regress to the level of the Marine or Dollar Diplomacy of the Harding-Coolidge era. Verbally, the regression has already occurred. In one of the most belligerent and reckless speeches ever made by an American President, Mr. Kennedy openly threatened our uneasy Latin American allies:

> . . . if the nations of this Hemisphere should fail to meet their commitments against outside Communist penetration, then I want it clearly understood that this Government will not hesitate in meeting its primary obligations, which are the security of our nation.

In short, and unmistakably, we will go it alone. The only glimmer of prudence in this arm-twisting oration was that it did not set a time limit.

Mr. Kennedy might avail himself of Senator Wayne Morse's speech on "The Situation in Cuba" (*Congressional Record*, April 24, pp. 6179-6187) for purposes of tranquilization and political guidance. Speaking as chairman of the Senate Subcommittee on Latin American Affairs, Mr. Morse quoted a telegram he had sent to the Secretary of State, protesting the Administration's failure to advise with the subcommittee before plunging into the Cuban embroilment. Expressing his own "hatred and detestation of what Castro stands for," Senator Morse pointed out that this did not alter the fact that Castro heads the sovereign government of Cuba, and that it is entitled to all the rights under existing law of signatories to the Charter of the Organization of American States. He rejected the argument that we must meet fire with fire, that we must beat the Communists at their own game. He ridiculed the argument that Cuba constitutes a military threat to the United States; this is of a piece with Hitler's assertion that Czechoslovakia was a dagger pointed at the heart of Germany. And then Mr. Morse issued this warning:

> I say to Senators today that it is my judgment that if the United States seeks to settle its differences with Cuba through the use of military might, either direct or indirect, we shall be at least a half century recovering, if we ever recover, the prestige, the understanding, the sympathy, and the confidence of one Latin American neighbor after another.

The American press buried the speech; few papers gave it any notice whatsoever. Mr. Kennedy would be well advised to read it.

History Will Not Absolve Him

President Kennedy might well consider why President Eisenhower was so popular that, in his wake, he nearly ensconced Richard M. Nixon as his successor. Popularity is not the final test of a President but, in a democracy, it contributes to his success and cannot be thrown out with a pitchfork. If Mr. Kennedy finds himself as popular after his four years (or eight), he may account himself fortunate indeed. How, then, did General Eisenhower gain such a secure place in the hearts of his countrymen? Psychoanalytic "images" aside, it was largely because he was unmistakably a man of peace.

Mr. Kennedy has given some signs of wishing to follow General Eisenhower's footsteps along this path; in fact, in some respects he has improved on his predecessor. He shut up the blow-hard generals and admirals and elevated diplomatic intercourse to a higher plane, without the pointless abuse of some of the Eisenhower ambassadors. In a spirit of tentative reconnoitering, he began an exploration of the possibilities of a *modus vivendi* with the Soviets. Although all this could be regarded as consistent with a resolution to prosecute the cold war as before, only more efficiently and resolutely, it was also consistent with a creative peace effort and, as such, welcome.

This hope was disrupted by the Cuban adventure and its aftermath. Now, many thoughtful Americans will deduce that if Kennedy had had any real heart for

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an alleviation of cold-war tensions, he would have held off on his preventive war until his exploratory efforts had had a fair chance. The two courses were clearly inconsistent. Instead, he gave the CIA, and Messrs. Adolf A. Berle, Jr., and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., a free hand to topple Castro. The result we know. It was first reported, later denied (but it is almost certainly true), that Messrs. Rusk and Bowles were in opposition. Now, as loyal members of the team, they are as compromised as their colleagues. It is a bad setback for an Administration that began with better manners and more erudition than the preceding one.

If this does not chasten Mr. Kennedy, another factor merits his consideration. He is a progressive politician, more in the tradition of, say, Franklin D. Roosevelt, than, say, Herbert Hoover. The last thing he wants is to unleash the forces of the frenetic Right, always latent in the American setup and now inflamed by American reverses. He has spoken out against the John Birch Society and set in motion proceedings against General Edwin A. Walker who, if not a member of the organization, apparently propagandized along similar lines. If any of the reports of impending American action against Castro prove accurate — if we attack him directly, or prepare another assault by proxy, or try to strangle him economically by blockade or further economic sanctions — it will be a godsend to the lunatic fringe exemplified by the John Birch fanatics. The President may not welcome them as allies, but he will be in bed with them just the same.

What, then, would we have the President do? *The Nation* does not hesitate to offer Mr. Kennedy advice, since its articles have accurately predicted the course of events in Cuba since Castro set foot in the Sierra Maestra. *The Nation* urges Mr. Kennedy to stay out of Cuba, to cease intervention of any kind whatsoever. Let the "commando" groups be disbanded. Instruct the Attorney General to enforce the neutrality laws. Padlock the cloak-and-dagger "spooks" at the CIA. Avoid a blockade. Heed carefully the well-considered advice of Senators Morse, Fulbright and McCarthy. Let the dust settle. Any further violence on the part of the American government, whether by subornation or directly, will be a disaster for the United States and, before history, for Mr. Kennedy himself.

The Phantom MIGS

It must by now be clear that the Cuban fiasco may be laid at the door of any number of villains — and not least at the door of an irresponsible American press that repeatedly rushed into print with the irresponsible statements of irresponsible officials and statesmen. For months, the newspapers have been telling us that Castro had Soviet MIG fighters at his disposal; and, during the invasion and afterward, MIGS were described as playing a major role in the defeat of the invading rebels. As late as Tuesday, April 25, Governor Rockefeller, emerging from his conference with the President, told newsmen: "Those were not Cuban jets that shot down troops last week. They were Communist MIGS."

But U.S. Navy spokesmen at Guantanamo Bay, who were a lot nearer to what happened than New York's Governor, reported differently in a story which appeared in *The New York Times* of April 20, three days after the dawn landing of the Cuban rebels. After noting that Rear Admiral Edward J. O'Donnell, base commander, had stated that Navy ships and planes had not been molested in their operations at any time during the fighting, the *Times* correspondent added:

> The sensitive radar on Navy ships here have picked up no trace of high speed Cuban or Communist aircraft. Officials, therefore, are confident that there have been no MIG fighters in this area of Cuba at least. Nor has the Navy sighted any submarines.

If Governor Rockefeller wants to challenge the accuracy of Navy radar, that's all right with us.

Woman of Valor

Mrs. J. Thacher Sears of Glens Falls, N.Y., was the only delegate to the 70th Continental Congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution in Washington who supported President Kennedy's Peace Corps. A resolution condemning it as too costly and too idealistic was passed by a vote of 2,082 to one.

Not only did Mrs. Sears vote against the resolution — she stood up and *spoke* against it. She pointed out to her sister delegates that the Peace Corps was not really a new idea — church missionaries had been doing similar work for years. She was just warming to her subject when the chairman announced, "Your two minutes are up."

We heard a lot of brave talk during last year's Presidential campaign about "standing up to Khrushchev," but we can recall no one entertaining the really preposterous notion of standing up to the DAR. Yet Mrs. Sears has done it, with precision and dignity. She is a woman of valor, a true Daughter of the American Revolution.

The Tactic of 'Anti-Communism'

For good sense and shrewd political insight, we recommend an article on "Anti-Communism and Freedom" by Father John F. Cronin in the April 22 issue of *America*. Father Cronin is assistant director of the Department of Social Action of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. "It has become increasingly clear," he writes, "that anti-Communist activities are producing sharp divisions within our nation." The objective

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is equally clear. The radical Right in American politics can never come to power as long as the conservatives bar the way. For the Right extremists to succeed they must divide the conservatives, as by discrediting those conservatives who will not truckle to them or acknowledge their leadership. An example of the way this is done is the current charge that Chief Justice Warren and General Eisenhower are agents of the Communist conspiracy and that, even if they are not, Robert Welch of Belmont, Mass., is much tougher on communism. Fortunately, many conservatives sense the danger on their Right flank and have taken a strong stand against the current attempt of the John Birch Society to polarize the Right. Others are less astute, and these latter should listen to Father Cronin. As he says, the fact that communism "is conspiratorial does not justify general public adoption of its tactics to cope with the problem. . . . If we become a nation of hate and distrust, then spiritually we are like the Communists. In fighting for the faith, we have lost charity. In defending our freedoms, we have ceased to be free men."

The Wind Is from the West

Since May, 1959, Dr. James E. McDonald, senior physicist of the Institute of Atmospheric Physics at the University of Arizona, has been waging an uphill fight to compel the Air Force to acknowledge the "nearly unbelievable"—his phrase—folly of its siting policy for missile bases (see "Cities Into Targets," *The Nation*, May 21, 1960). The deadline for revision has not yet passed, but it is rapidly approaching. In a recent paper presented at the opening joint session of the American Geophysical Union and the American Meteorological Society, Dr. McDonald made a final effort to force a hearing on the merits of the issue.

So far, the Air Force has brushed off a mounting barrage of protest and currently is going forward with plans to ring the city of Tucson, Arizona, with eighteen Titan missile pads without regard to the serious civil-defense hazards implicit in the choice of sites. Since the Atlas and Titan ICBMs are necessarily fired from fixed bases which cannot possibly be concealed, the bases are certain targets for nuclear attacks in case of war. Hence to locate these sites upwind of cities as large as Omaha, Los Angeles, Topeka, Kansas City, Memphis, Spokane and Tucson—given the fact that the prevailing winds during most of the year over the United States blow in a generally west-to-east direction—is to increase the potential hazard by an estimated three or four million casualties. The fact that the bases are hardened (reinforced) to withstand 100 pounds per square inch blast pressure from near-misses, will force an attacker to direct about twenty megatons against each launching site. In cities such as Tucson, Wichita and Little Rock, this would total about 400 megatons; in other words, these cities would be turned into targets whose megatonnage rating would be about a hundred times the total of all explosives used in World War II.

But the ultimate irony of the situation is that Russian ICBM accuracies are expected to be so improved in the near future that fixed-base ICBMs of the Atlas or Titan type will be virtually obsolete almost before they are completed. With the margin of error expected to diminish to one mile or less by 1963-1964—the estimated completion date for the bulk of the sites—the bases may then be abandoned. It is as though the Air Force were determined to get the missile-construction program under way before the obsolescence of the missiles can be demonstrated. So the Air Force races against its deadline, while Dr. McDonald races against one that imperils us all.

THE BLUFF THAT WORKED . . *Alexander Werth*

Paris, April 26

GENERAL CHALLE'S putsch, carried out with "supreme mastery" — as some newspapers admiringly put it —at dawn on Saturday, April 22, ended in complete fiasco four days later. Today the General is in a Paris jail, facing a possible death sentence. The same fate may be reserved for several other members of the Algiers junta, for de Gaulle is taking an extremely grave view of this putsch which, unlike that of the civilians of January, 1960, was led by top-ranking generals and colonels against the Fifth Republic and de Gaulle personally.

It will take months before we know exactly what happened both before, and since, April 22 in Paris and in Algiers. But it may already be said — despite de Gaulle's "splendid triumph" — that the whole episode points to some terrible weakness in the President's handling of his Army leaders. Generals Challe and Salan, Colonel Lacheroy, etc., had of course, been removed by de Gaulle from their former Algerian posts on various pretexts, but they all had had honors and decorations piled upon them. And, except for Salan (who had exiled himself to Spain), none had been watched as suspects, despite weeks of highly suspect activities that had been going on both in Algiers and Paris — including bomb outrages perpetrated by one or another of the *ultra* organizations.

ALEXANDER WERTH is The Nation's *European correspondent.*

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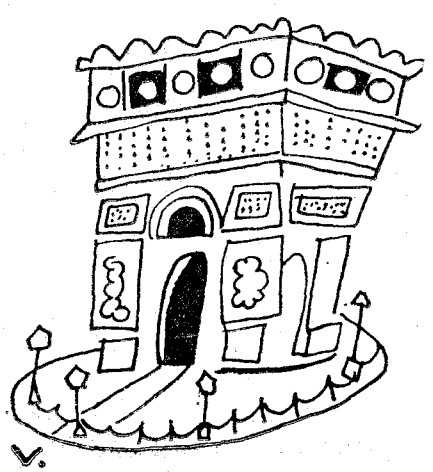
Take, for example, Colonel Lacheroy. At the time of the 1958 putsch, he was head of the Army's psychological services in Algeria. He openly regretted that the coming to power of de Gaulle had prevented the occupation of Paris by paratroops. "In three days, and with only a few hundred dead, a military dictatorship could have been established," he said at the time. *On April 20, this year — two days before last week's putsch — he and Colonels Godard, Argoud and Broizat were still at large in Paris, preparing for coming events.* All four colonels left together for Algiers on a military aircraft from the military airfield at Villacoublay — obviously with the complicity of the military authorities. Their arrival at Algiers was the signal for the starting of the putsch.

Similarly, nothing was done to prevent General Challe and other extremists from going to Paris. (Challe had been arrested as an extremist by the Pflimlin government in May, 1958, but was later appointed to the highest military post in Algeria by de Gaulle.)

WHAT DID this Algiers junta, relying primarily on the Foreign Legion and the French paratroopers (the world's toughest and most brutal troops), hope to achieve? Clearly they hoped to rally widespread support from other Army units inside Algeria and, having secured this backing, to land paratroops in Paris. There they hoped to find countless accomplices among the French soldiery and the police. Another part of the plan consisted in an invasion of Tunisia and Morocco to destroy the Nationalist bases there. The drive on Algeria's allies was General Challe's plan for ending the Algerian war in 1959-1960. De Gaulle rejected it.



Now we come to a question which will require a great deal more investigation before the answer is apparent. In his public announcements, Challe had been laying the greatest possible stress on the necessity for saving Algeria from communism, in the same way that the United States has been stressing the need to save Cuba. Indeed, Challe has been paying florid public compliments to President Kennedy. It is now openly asserted in Paris that Challe has been in close contact not only with the Belgians in Katanga, but also with the American Central Intelligence Agency (CIA), to whom he represented himself as the French Cardona. Today even the serious *Le Monde* clearly suggests that Kennedy's overwhelming offer of aid to de Gaulle is perhaps explainable by the awkward fact that the CIA has been hobnobbing with Challe, who has been promising not only to stamp out communism in North Africa, but to be an obedient NATO member. It is asserted here that the CIA, in turn, assured Challe that the international repercussions of any French incursion into Tunisia and Morocco would be kept to a minimum.

ALTHOUGH strange things had been happening for weeks, Paris was taken completely by surprise by the events of April 22. Only two days before, Army Minister Messmer was assuring American correspondents in the capital that the Army was absolutely loyal to de Gaulle. De Gaulle himself was relaxing, on the preceding evening, at the *Comédie Française,* watching Racine's *Britannicus.* Then on Saturday, April 22, and especially on Sunday, the wind of panic seemed to sweep Paris and the government. De Gaulle's Sunday broadcast sounded both tough and pathetic, with its "Frenchwomen, Frenchmen, help me!" conclusion. Premier Debré added immensely to the general sense of alarm, but also to the country's determination to turn to de Gaulle as France's best

General de Gaulle

— indeed, only — rallying point. His lurid announcement that paratroopers from Algiers were likely to land at any moment, and his plea to the people of Paris to walk or drive to airfields "to argue with them" proved extraordinarily effective.

Doubtless Debré's appeal was ridiculous, but it is just possible that the government did fear paratroop landings, and a variety of precautions were taken at all airfields. Nobody was at all certain what would happen if some paratroopers actually did drop out of the sky. How would the Army and the police react? Would they fight?

My own impression, in retrospect, is that there was an element of bluff in the government's alarmist talk. Nevertheless, immense importance should be attached to the token one-hour general strike, which was intended as a warning to the Algiers conspirators and which the government press — even though the twelve million strikers included several million Communists — hailed as the unanimous upsurge of the French people for de Gaulle. It was partly that; it was even more an anti-Fascist demonstration. There is no question that de Gaulle's personal appeal, combined with the anti-Fascist, anti-militarist outpouring of

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Parisian workers must have made an enormous impression on the Army in Algiers.

Practically the whole French Air Force, and certainly the entire Navy, proved loyal to de Gaulle, or at any rate wholly unwilling to support Challe's adventure, which might indeed have plunged France into a civil war. Moreover, de Gaulle's threats of reprisal — of a kind which Coty or Pflimlin had never dared to utter in May, 1958 — made any participation in the venture highly dangerous even on purely personal and professional grounds.

So if, as seems probable, there was a strong element of bluff in the weekend alarmism, it worked remarkably well. The French working class, including the Communists, rendered de Gaulle an immense service despite the bitterness and disillusionment it harbored toward him. The great question now is whether de Gaulle will realize that he was saved by the French people, and that henceforth his regime should seek a broad democratic base, revive democratic traditions, and proceed to a settlement of the Algerian war in a way that will receive popular support throughout France.

TYPEWRITER COMMANDOS . . *by Richard Seaver*

IN READING the press columnists on Cuba, two things stand out: the cloddish uniformity of the commentaries, and the frightening attempts to rationalize an act that no amount of theorizing or explaining can ever justify. To prove the point it would be possible to quote papers from coast to coast during the week of April 17-24. But let's take only one, the New York *Herald Tribune*—not renowned for its liberalism, but certainly as good as most of our dailies —for one day, April 24. Besides the regular news dispatches on the Cuban situation, four of the *Herald Tribune's* leading columnists that day devoted themselves to the subject: Stewart Alsop, Roscoe Drummond, Marguerite Higgins and David Lawrence. Each, independently, and we must assume without coercion, concluded that our fault, if fault there was, lay not in plotting an anti-Castro invasion, but in bungling the job.

Headlining his article with "If You Strike at a King"—from an old adage "If you strike at a King, you must strike to kill"—Stewart Alsop first predicates that "the prestige and even the honor of the United States are now obviously wholly committed to Castro's ultimate downfall." Does the statement make sense? Admittedly our prestige suffered severely as a result of the ill-planned, ill-advised, ill-fated expedition. But the one fact that our press seems wholly to have forgotten, or consciously ignored, is that our prestige would have suffered even if the expedition had succeeded; for, to quote Mr. Alsop again, "the obvious American complicity in the Cuban operation" did not pass unperceived throughout the world. And "honor"? If by honor we mean our adherence to action or principles considered right, then I fail to follow Mr. Alsop's logic. Perhaps what he means is that if one wrong does not make a right, then two wrongs must surely do it. That is about the level of the moral assessments being made by our free press these days.

Mr. Drummond sets out to explain just when interference is really non-interference and intervention is non-intervention; or, to make it simpler, when internal affairs are actually external affairs: He writes:

> The point I want to make [he hadn't been making it very well in the first half of his column, so, taking a deep breath, he tries again] is that non-interference in "internal affairs" does not bind us to non-interference in the spread of Communist dictatorship to the Western Hemisphere or in building a Soviet military and political base in Cuba. These two things are not just the "internal affairs" of Cuba: they are the external affairs of every democratic Western Hemisphere country.

To Mr. Alsop's axiom that two wrongs must surely make a right, we must add Mr. Drummond's corollary: what is external is internal, and what is internal is external, *but only under certain conditions.*

Mr. Lawrence takes another tack: first he recognizes the problem, then he proceeds to demonstrate how our action in Cuba is indeed justified, both under international law and by the U.N. Charter. The problem: "Inside the United States—indeed, inside the Americas as a whole—there still is doubt, skepticism and uncertainty over the policy of the United States toward Cuba." In that he is indeed correct. Then he continues:

> The justification for such a step [as the Cuban intervention] is to be found not only in this [the Monroe] Doctrine . . . but in basic international law. American lives and property have been endangered. It is up to the United States to furnish protection not only for the lives and property of its own citizens but for those of other foreign citizens.

And if there is any lingering doubt as to what is meant by the "protection of American lives and property," Mr. Lawrence soon dispels it: "Active protection of American lives and properties in Cuba means an air and sea blockade of all Cuban ports and airfields. But it also means cleaning out Havana and other places in Cuba." (Cleaning it out, no doubt, so that the gangsters, gamblers, pimps and prostitutes who thrived under Sr. Batista can thrive again.) Mr. Lawrence feels that such a "cleaning" would "be a lesson to other countries in Latin America where several demonstrations have been launched, including last week an attack on American newspaper men's offices in Caracas, Venezuela, and the destruction of their property." And after Cuba, Mr. Lawrence,

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shall we move on to Caracas and clean it out, too? Then on to Montevideo? And what about Rio? And don't forget Mexico, right next door. Tomorrow the world. . . .

Perhaps I am being unjust to Mr. Lawrence, for I have thus far failed to present his second legal buttress, the U.N. Charter:

> The charter of the United Nations, moreover, under Articles 51 and 52, gives to any member "the right of individual self-defense." Hence [the *ergo* of Lawrence's *cogito*] an action taken in Cuba by the United States alone in defense of the rights of its citizens is in accord with the basic principles of the U.N. Charter. The only legal requirement is that the move be formally reported to the Security Council, which can later take steps of its own to restore the peace—subject of course, to a United States veto.

Mr. Lawrence, you really figure all the angles.

What about Miss Higgins? In an otherwise dull column, the lady suddenly comes to life in the last paragraph and reveals *her* morality: "The quelling of the anti-Castro 'invasion' . . . was a setback—not because [the invasion] was morally wrong, but because it did not succeed." Thus to Alsop's axiom and Drummond's corollary, we are bound to add Lawrence's law: Any aggression, properly prepared and perversely executed, can *always* be justified by *some* law, and Higgins' hypothesis: Sufficient might makes right; insufficient might makes wrong. *Ergo*, right and wrong are merely degrees of the same thing.

IT IS interesting to note that on page 2 of this same paper, same date—a fact which proves irrefutably that ours is a free press—the following appears:

> Estimates by Sen. Frank Church, D., Idaho, of the Foreign Relations Committee, and Norman W. Manley, Prime Minister of Jamaica, British West Indies, now visiting Washington, [are] that a majority of Cubans probably support Castro. . . . Mr. Manley, during a television interview, said he "wouldn't be surprised" if Castro had 90 per cent of the Cuban people behind him.

If these estimates are true, then in the light of the axioms and laws already granted to the journalists quoted herein, I should humbly like to advance another, which I trust history will remember as Seaver's Third Theorem: If a government has the support of a majority of its citizens, it is obviously non-representative; if it enjoys the support of as much as 90 per cent of the people, then obviously it is corrupt, intolerable, and must be toppled, by any and every means, so that the remaining 10 per cent—as well as foreign investors in the country—may enjoy the pursuit of their inherent and inalienable rights.

NEW INITIATIVE on GERMANY .. *by Geoffrey Barraclough*

London

THE VISIT to Washington of Dr. Adenauer confronted the Kennedy Administration with its first real challenge in the field of foreign policy outside the American continent. In Laos and Vietnam, even in Cuba, stubborn defense of existing positions and a clear warning to the Kremlin that Kennedy means business, may be enough. This formula is not adequate for the German problem: and, whatever importance is currently attached to China, Southeast Asia or resurgent Africa, Germany is still the key to international politics and to East-West relations. There is little hope of moving away from the cold-war postures of the Dulles era without new thinking on the German question; and so far, it must be said, evidence of new thinking is not superabundant. In spite of new men and new policies, the risk is considerable that we may settle down, as the year proceeds, to the old, sterile stalemate.

The difficulty of the German question is, of course, its complexity. At this stage there is probably nothing new to be said about Germany; the need, rather, is for clarity of thought, keen analysis and, above all, for disentangling the different problems which are involved. Many of the difficulties stem directly from confusion among the different aspects of the question. For qualified observers today there are four aspects: Berlin, West Germany's place in NATO and in an integrated Europe, the "two Germanys" and the Oder-Neisse frontier, and the internal political situation. One of the major difficulties is that strength in one of these is thought to necessitate strength in the others, and that any attempt to consider a particular aspect on its merits is held to denote weakening along the whole line. The candid observer who looks back over Dr. Adenauer's visits to Washington beginning in 1955 will probably conclude that their main purpose has always been to maintain this view or (as Bonn would put it) to provide "stiffening" whenever United States policy showed signs of taking a more dispassionate view of the German problem. There is no reason to think that his purpose in 1961 has been different.

Of the four problems I have picked out, some are shorter term and some are longer term, but all are cardinal. Essentially long-term is the internal political situation in Germany, about which only two things need to be said: first, that the surface calm, as most thoughtful Germans admit, is deceptive, and the situation by no means so stable as it looks; and secondly, that the Chancellor is rapidly aging and in the process is losing his grip, with the result that dissident right-wing groups (an example is the so-called *Bremer Kreis*) are more assertive. About this there is nothing to be done immediately, but it is a warn-

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ing to go slow on such issues as an independent NATO (which really means an independent German) deterrent. The short-term issue is Berlin, where it is widely expected that Khrushchev may make a move at any time, and here also there is nothing further to be done, for the new Administration has already made it plain that it does not intend to budge.

Far more complicated and controversial are the other two questions, and it is here that emotional entanglement is apt to interfere with clear analysis. Washington has already indicated in unmistakable terms that it intends to back the European plans of the Six, in which West Germany will necessarily play a leading part; and whatever reservations may or may not be held in London, it will be wise for the British to accept the intention as a fact. There is also no doubt about Washington's intention to strengthen NATO militarily, particularly in the field of conventional forces; and here again the twelve West German divisions are a factor of major importance.

THREE months after the Kennedy Administration entered the saddle, we have therefore considerable clarity in three important fields; but what is lacking so far, at any rate so far as public knowledge extends, is a reappraisal of the political aspects of the German problem. Critics of Mr. Kennedy (and criticism is beginning to raise its head) have some justification on the present record for saying that all the major decisions in foreign affairs so far have been stone-walling in character, that the bulk have been military, and that the program to date looks suspiciously like Mr. Dulles' old one of building up a "position of strength." The answer to this criticism—perhaps the only reasonable answer—is that, so far, we have seen only half the program, coupled with a reminder that the first objective announced in January was to get together with Khrushchev. The confrontation, first optimistically expected in May, has now been put off until the autumn; but it is still high up on the agenda, both in Moscow and in Washington, and when it occurs there will be no avoiding the basic political questions.

What we have to grasp, in the first place, is that a *détente* can be reached without compromising the basic Western position. This position demands absolute clarity that existing Western rights in Berlin will not be surrendered (at any rate, without corresponding concessions from the East); it demands unqualified resolution to keep NATO intact and effective, and no possible shadow of doubt that the territorial integrity and political independence of West Germany is and will remain an unalterable commitment of the Western alliance. What it does not demand is the underwriting of West German claims and aspirations extending beyond these basic requirements of Western security. Specifically, it does not require a refusal by Washington and London to recognize the finality of the Oder-Neisse frontier—particularly as Paris has already taken this step, and the result has not been any noticeable cooling in the relations between de Gaulle and Adenauer. And secondly, it does not mean that we must underwrite the policy of reunification which Bonn has strained all its efforts to present as a rigid Western dogma. Only those Americans—happily a growing number in the last four or five years—who have actually seen things for themselves in Eastern Europe can fully appreciate the disastrous effects of our apparent support of German reunification; but the Polish community of some six million in the United States can testify that there is nothing more calculated to prevent relaxation of tension, for on this the Poles of every persuasion, from the extreme Right to the Communist Left, are of one mind.

THE German case for reunification rests on two hypotheses: first, that the West German state is the legal successor of Bismarck's Reich and of the Weimar Republic, and secondly that the East German government is a puppet regime, without popular backing, which would collapse without Soviet military support. We may argue about the second hypothesis (and wonder also where the Federal Republic would be without American military backing), but the first hypothesis is simply false. The unified German state, as it had existed from 1871 to the fall of Hitler, collapsed in 1945. It would have been possible for the victorious Allies, had they so wished, to have re-established a unitary German state, as they did in 1919. Instead, they decided to leave the decision to a future peace conference which, as we all know, has never met. Whether it ever will meet is an open question. Even if it does—and not many people would wager many dollars on the likelihood—it will have to take account of the fact that, in the meantime, two German states have come into existence which, though we may technically call them "provisional," have been provisional for so long that they can now only be qualified as facts.

THE FIRST question is whether we are going to recognize these facts; the second, what, if we do not recognize them, we are going to do about it. It is perfectly true that we can simply go on as at present, without making any decision; but far from contributing to German reunification, such a policy makes it increasingly unlikely, for with every month that passes the East German republic becomes more firmly anchored. On the other hand, if we do not mean to do anything—and it is not easy to see what specific steps we can take, short of war which no one contemplates—we are certainly doing the German people a disservice by holding out false hopes.

It is often argued in Germany that to recognize East Germany and the Oder-Neisse frontier is to run contrary to the principle of self-determination to which the West is committed. There is no more mischievous or misleading argument. Self-determination is not, and never has been, an abstract principle to be applied without any consideration of other factors and circumstances. In the case of Germany it is simply a matter of historical fact to state that, except under Hitler and by the exercise of Nazi tyranny, there has never been any possibility of bringing all Germans within the boundaries of a single German state. German minorities—many of them expelled in

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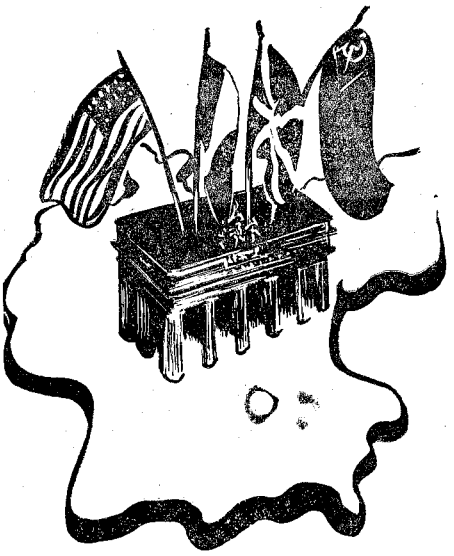
and after 1945—lie scattered in bordering territories, and to apply the principle of self-determination to Germany, as we saw in the case of the Sudeten Germans in 1938, could only mean the disruption of the states neighboring on Germany. This, of course, is what Poland fears and will resist to the last.

BUT IT IS an even more serious question whether a united Germany in the heart of Europe is an acceptable solution in any event. This is simply a question of size, not an expression of anti-German bias; and the reality of the problem has always been recognized by the best Germans. It was Henry A. Kissinger's hero, Gentz, who said that the truth about the relations of Germany and Europe is that a Greater Germany must always be too big for little Europe; and the same warning has been reformulated in postwar terms by another distinguished figure in the Kennedy ranks. For George F. Kennan it is simply impossible to find a place for a united sovereign Germany in the framework of the system of European states, since a united Germany—however peaceful its intentions—would inevitably establish a dominating position because of its size and potential.

It is, of course, a fact that even Bismarck's Reich comprised only a part of the German nation; and it was a sign of Bismarck's statesmanship that he deliberately accepted this limitation. Nevertheless, the fact that Austria was excluded called down on his head the execration of Pan-Germans everywhere. Today, we all accept as self-evident not only Austria's independence, but also its separate nationality. We forget too easily how recent this sense of separate Austrian nationalism is and that it was only the veto of the other powers, imposed in the interests of European stability, that prevented the return of Austria to Germany both in 1919 and 1931. We shall do well to consider the Austrian precedent, to ask ourselves why, if there could be two German states in Europe, there cannot be three. The idea that a partial solution which Bismarck imposed by force in 1871 is so sacrosanct that it must be em-



bodied at all costs in a twentieth-century settlement simply does not make sense.

IN BONN, the "Austrian precedent" is angrily rejected. The only question there is how reunification is to be achieved, and it has been left to the philosopher Karl Jaspers to ask the more searching question: whether reunification is either a realistic or a desirable political objective. Jasper's television interview last August called down upon his head the execration of the united German parties; but it was the first breath of fresh air since Kennan's famous Reith Lectures in England in 1957, and it is an immeasurable loss that there is still no translation of his book available.* Jaspers, it must be emphasized, does not advocate a "deal" between Bonn and Pankow, and is resolutely opposed to recognition of the Ulbricht regime. He is also insistent that nothing be done to weaken the Western position in Berlin. On all these practical questions, he conforms closely to the official line. What is important and new is his clear thinking about the ultimate objectives. Certainly, he shares the doubts of the German Free Democrats whether a policy based, like Adenauer's, on the assumption that the Soviet Union can be forced to make concessions, is ever likely to get anywhere. Where he differs is in his estimate of where Western policy should aim to get. In his view the price of unity, even for the Germans themselves, has always been too high; it was purchased by the sacrifice of all that was best in German life. The object of Western policy, he suggests, should not be reunification, but to secure more tolerable conditions for the Germans in the East.

No one in his senses would suggest that West Germany is suffering in any material way from the present division. The case of East Germany is different. The cardinal vice of the policy of reunification, in Jaspers' eyes, is that it does nothing to remedy the human situation of the Germans in the East. His positive suggestion is that the West should discuss the position with the Russians over the heads of the two provisional regimes in Bonn and Pankow, and specifically that they should agree to accept the finality of the division of Germany if Russia will withdraw its support from Ulbricht and restore civil liberties in the so-called "Democratic Republic." Such a solution, he points out, will be advantageous for West as well as for East Germany, for it will mean that the Bonn Republic also will at long last achieve a stable and recognized status and be in a position to embark on a normal, peaceful, internal development.

JASPERS writes as a German for Germans. His main concern is that Germans on both sides of the iron curtain may live with the greatest possible measure of personal freedom and self-respect. The importance of his proposals is that they are not limited to this context. Americans and British may well ask what business it is of theirs to improve the lot of the inhabitants of East Germany. The answer is not merely that we have all a human obligation towards our fellows, but that this, for us, is not the main or only issue. Our interest is in a European settlement, which will contribute to a relaxation of current East-West tension, and such a settlement is unattainable so long as the German question remains a stumbling block.

For us the question is whether Jaspers' proposals offer a better basis for such a settlement than the policy

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of reunification pursued so far. Of course, we do not know whether they would be acceptable to the Kremlin; we do not even know whether they are acceptable to the White House. All that is clear is that some basis of discussion will have to be found before there can be any Khrushchev-Kennedy meeting, and that, for the present, alternatives to Jaspers' ideas are conspicuous by their absence.

The main practical objection to German reunification is that it is a steeper price than the Russians will ever pay. Jaspers' proposals, on the other hand, offer a basis for compromise: the Soviets are unlikely to give more and the West cannot accept less. Here is a solution which can be adopted without impairing the essential defensive position of the Western alliance; and there are many Germans who, in their hearts, may thank us for cutting a knot which they have tied and no longer know how to disentangle.

AMERICA'S BLACK SUPREMACISTS.. *Herbert Krosney*

NEGRO AMERICANS fight for a dignity and identity on many fronts and with many groups, ranging from the NAACP and CORE to the black nationalists and Muslims of Elijah Muhammad. This last, the most powerful of about twelve Negro nationalist groups and with the greatest mass Negro appeal since the days of Marcus Garvey, mainly attracts lower-income urbanites, particularly in the North. There are Temples of Islam in fifty-five cities in thirty-one states; the headquarters are in Chicago, where a $20 million Islamic center is projected.

The religion of the black Muslims is strict: abstinence from liquor and smoking; dietary laws (no pork, for example); daily prayer; a stress on cleanliness, family responsibility and personal morality. Violence is permissible when it furthers Islamic "peace," a vague concept which seems to be linked to black supremacy. The appeal of the religion, largely though not entirely racist, is an attempted negation of Western "slave-master" values. The Muslim program calls for the establishment of Negro businesses and thus, Negro jobs; pride in blackness; segregation; a Negro country within the present United States in payment for the years of "slave labor . . . forced out of our forebears."

The Muslims are against miscegenation and accept without significant reservation the Southern white definition of "Negro," though they prefer to be called black, Afro-American, or African, considering "Negro" a white-assigned and false appellation. This, along with their viewpoint on segregation, has caused them to be likened to Southern white supremacists.

The history of this political-religious group is only half clear. Certainly much of its black nationalism is derived from Marcus Garvey and his Universal Negro Improvement Association, which reached its peak about 1920. The prophet of the Temple of Islam, the Hon. Elijah Muhammad, born Elijah Poole on a Georgia sharecropper's farm at the turn of the century, inherited his mantle around 1930 from a Detroit peddler and street-corner prophet, W. D. Fard, or Farad Muhammad, who mysteriously disappeared in June, 1934. The first Temple of Islam opened in 1931 in Detroit and permanent headquarters were established in Chicago in 1934.

However, the movement only began to gain popularity in the fifties, the decade when the "winds of change" began to blow in Africa. Young and able leaders were attracted to the movement, among them Malcolm X, a New York minister who has become Elijah Muhammad's right-hand man. ("X" is the name given by the movement to qualified Muslims while they await their original, "pre-slave" names to be assigned eventually by the grace of Allah.)

Compared to the Islamic orthodoxy of Mecca, the real heresy of the American Muslims is their disavowal of the principle of racial equality. However, Elijah visited Mecca last year and was received by Muslim leaders; Malcolm X asserts that the trip settled the legitimacy of the American movement. But the 75,000 orthodox Muslims in the United States continue to refuse to recognize the new group.

THE TEMPLE of Islam will not divulge membership figures. Its newspaper, *Mr. Muhammad Speaks*, states its circulation as 50,000 and has spoken of "250,000 black Muslims." *The New York Times* estimates a membership of 50,000. Considering that much of the membership is floating, and therefore impossible to count, it is probable that more than 100,000 Negroes are involved in the movement in one way or another.

The Muslims accuse the present American Negro leadership of "Uncle Tomism," of being white-created "puppet spokesmen." This applies to the likes of Ralph Bunche, Robert C. Weaver and Thurgood Marshall. The accusations are not unlike those made by Garvey, who once said of the great W. E. B. DuBois, "purely and simply a white man's nigger." Any move towards integration, they feel, is "begging." They can be called "angry" and "frustrated," but they are confident, too. They believe that "time has run out for the white man." The emergence of the new Africa (which they say has great cultures in its unrecorded past) has given them a *raison d'etre*, a sense of their individual dignity. But their leadership and membership is American. Their roots lie deeply and strongly in the American soil and particularly in American cities.

HERBERT KROSNEY, a young New York writer, is at work on his first novel.

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The New York headquarters of the Muslims are in Harlem. In a drab paper-littered doorway at 102 West 116th Street, there is a neat sign, hand-printed in red:

Welcome to
MUHAMMAD'S
MOSQUE NO. 7
Every Wed. & Fri.
at 8:00 P.M.
Sun. at 2:00 P.M.
Elevator Service *4th Floor*

The street is littered with paper, the sky hanging low with a bellyful of rain; it is dark for mid-afternoon. A few pigeons are at the curb, fed by a Negro in a blue overcoat. He puckers his lips as he sprinkles the dry crumbs. Down the street is the two-dimensional façade of a New York slum, given a deeper life by the black outlines of iron fire escapes. A lone flower pot sits on one window ledge.

A group of middle-aged men stand near, laugh without joy. In the background, from Augustus' record shop, there is music—jazzman Miles Davis playing his *Sketches of Spain*, a lilting, almost classical evocation of Moorish castles and sun-drenched Spanish plains. He, too, is a Negro—and his music is of Negro and white, of Africa and America, of America and Europe.

The traffic on 116th Street is heavy. There are many loiterers. ("When the white man has a recession, the black man has a depression. The black man's the first one fired, the last one hired."—Malcolm X.) There is a recession in America, and Negroes are the hardest hit.

The inside of 102 West 116th Street holds no more promise than the outside. It is dirty and paper-strewn, with an iron-grated encasement for the elevator. An old Negro couple sit in a back room. The stairs are broad, a bit of the wood rotted. On the third floor is the hall of the "ol' time" traditional revivalist, the Prophet St. James. Inside, men's voices. They have the accents of Southern Negroes. The fourth floor is cleaner than the others. A sign in the hallway: MUHAMMAD'S MOSQUE. But the doors are locked. No whites are permitted behind these doors. There is silence.

The black Muslims exist and worship in the dim light of this building and above the noise of this Harlem street.

TEMPLE No. 7 Restaurant is on Lenox between 115th and 116th Streets. A sign in the window: "Breakfast Special: Muffin, Jelly and Coffee, $.20." The Muslim newspaper notes in its summary of 1960 accomplishments: "The New York Temple opened its new glittering restaurant, replete with telling scenes of African splendor." The inside is immaculately clean—in Islam, cleanliness is part of godliness. A group of well-dressed Negroes sit quietly in the back. The waiters, all Negro, are dressed in white. This is an American soda fountain-restaurant. A big picture of Elijah Muhammad — a small man with slightly Oriental features—is on the back wall. On another wall is a twenty-five foot photograph of the Sphinx of Egypt. (The Sphinx, it should be noted, has Negroid lips.)

At the front is a counter with a variety of reading material. The headline of *Mr. Muhammad Speaks* hits the eye: "Separation, Not Integration; Independence, Not Subservience; A Land of Our Own, Not Squatter's Rights; These Are the Hopes of My People During 1961." The articles vary in their level of sophistication:

> We sat here amid the rubbish of the Western World, at the feet of the rich white Christians . . . begging for crumbs (civil rights and token integration) to fall from their table. We received only the hardest and dirtiest jobs at the lowest wages; the poorest houses in the ghettos at the highest rent; the poorest food and clothing at the highest prices.
>
> Why do you keep insisting that he give you a job, if you are his equal. Why haven't you made a job for yourself . . . ?

Or

> Not only do Mr. Muhammad's teachings bring economic benefit to the Black Man, but his divine message has successfully caused hardened criminals, dope addicts, alcoholics, pimps, prostitutes, wife beaters, adulterers and all other sorts of social misfits [to give up] their immoral ways, reform themselves and set out to accomplish a higher purpose in life.
>
> There is no doubt that Mr. Muhammad is the greatest Reformer and Civilizer the Black People of America have ever had as a leader and teacher. . . .

Malcolm X, Muhammad's right-hand man, sits at one of the tables towards the rear. He is tall, well dressed in a blue business suit and (how he would hate to be reminded of it) light-skinned with noticeably Caucasian features. His front teeth are capped with gold. He is business-like and formal. He speaks forcefully, yet with complete control. Reconstructed are fragments of an interview with him by this white journalist:

"Sir, what did you do before you became a black nationalist?"

"I was a bum. I was a misfit. I was an outcast. I was a black man in America. The black bourgeoisie has adopted the thinking of whites and want to be white. We don't. We are seeking a return to our own culture. . . . Where's Ralph Bunche? He isn't in Harlem. He's down at the Waldorf-Astoria. Where's Roy Wilkins? When has he given a speech in Harlem, to the people of Harlem? I'm not talking about speeches to the black bourgeoisie. Black men have been brainwashed into thinking they're white and now a black man wants white things."

He leans forward a bit. Perhaps he is attempting to shock the interviewer, to see how far he can go against what he thinks are built-in white prejudices. Or perhaps he is simply a clever in-fighter:

"He wants to be a white man, he wants a white woman. He wants your mother, your daughter, your sisters. He's running around on the street chasing your mother. . . . But a white man doesn't want a black woman. No sane man offers his woman to a stranger. . . . Black men should want black women just as white men should want white women."

Two Negro lieutenants sit at the table listening with silent approval. At times, the men at nearby tables glance at their leader. No one is dressed sloppily, and no one is smoking. Smoking is forbidden in the restaurant.

"Do you think Western culture

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has contributed much to the black people?"

"Not a thing. There's worse slavery now. The black man is in hock from the day he's born. At least in slavery he had a decent meal. Even a white bum, compared to any black man, is a king in this culture. This integration business is a big trick to lull black people to sleep.

"White America has been criminal to twenty million blacks. It has deprived them of their culture. The white man must atone."

Atonement, to Malcolm X, means the granting of several states to Negroes for a black republic. "We want good land, where the soil is fertile. The black men have always liked heat, so the land should be in warm areas."

"What do you think of the future of your movement?"

"We have the support, the overwhelming support, of the black masses."

Malcolm X says this with certainty. He is a persuasive and confident talker. It is easy to see how he sways Harlem street-corner crowds.

MARCUS GARVEY had a million Negroes sympathizing with his Universal Negro Improvement Association. But Garvey's was a different time. Negroes generally were less educated; and neither before the law nor in the national economic structure did they have the standing they have today. Basic to the new situation is that, with his better education, the Negro's commitment to Western—i.e., white-derived—culture has become greater.

By any objective test, the black Muslims will have hard going among two great groups of Negroes. The first comprises the New Negro of the South, strongly Christian in orientation and profoundly influenced by the doctrine of passive resistance and spiritual leadership of the Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr. The second is the steadily growing group of Northern Negroes who, while less religiously oriented than their Southern brethren, are perhaps even more strongly committed to middle-class American values. Their dominant motive is the achievement, not of a separatism in any form, but of equality in all forms.

It is doubtful whether the black Muslims will ever approach the strength Garvey managed to muster forty years ago; the forces in American society working towards equality and integration are too strong. Nevertheless, we can expect to hear more from them in the next few years. They are angry and unafraid to use violence. They will make news.

TAMMANY IN TURMOIL . . *by James Desmond*

THE MUDDLE over the Democratic leadership in New York, both on the state and Tammany levels, appears to be approaching a solution now that the Kennedy Administration has settled down to the business of surveying the political prospects of this vital state. The Kennedy concern, of course, is heightened by the likelihood that Governor Rockefeller, if he wins big next year, will be the standout candidate for the Republican Presidential nomination in 1964.

Given this concern — a very real one, because President Kennedy couldn't have won without New York last year—logic dictates that Democratic State Chairman Michael Prendergast and Tammany leader Carmine G. De Sapio must go. The most informed opinion holds that both will be out of the picture around the time of the Sept. 7 primary.

There are valid reasons for this haste. One is the immediate urgency of the 1961 mayoralty election in New York City. Another is the clearly demonstrable need to put together a Democratic organization north of the city line that can function efficiently in the difficult task of cutting Rockefeller down to size in 1962.

REDUCED to terms of personality, it is relatively simple to stake out the grounds for the argument that the two men must go.

Take Prendergast first. He is clearly a creature of De Sapio — almost an invention of the Tammany leader after the 1954 election. At the time, De Sapio, riding high as the architect of Averell Harriman's hairline victory over Senator Irving Ives (who will go down in history as probably the most reluctant candidate ever to carry the Republican banner in a gubernatorial election), wanted an upstate Irish-Catholic, in the approved state tradition, to take the shadow job of state chairman.

Prendergast qualified almost spectacularly. An obscure county chairman, he had two important things in his favor: he was acceptable to De Sapio, who feared intrusion on his powers by Dick Balch, state chairman in the Democratic win in 1954; and, as a policeman at Palisades Interstate Park, he had met Harriman.

These virtues patently weren't enough, as the record shows. Aside from the Democratic strengthening accomplished by Harriman himself, there was no building of the Democratic Party north of the city line. And in 1958, Prendergast managed to lose his only state election (the 1956 landslide to President Eisenhower can't be fairly charged against him) because he failed to fulfill his function of straightening out the intra-party fights before the convention. That he wound up in the convention fight on the side of the current "bad guys" — that is to say, the De Sapio people — is further evidence of his inability to lead.

But even more than that, Prendergast compromised himself in 1960 by trying to withstand the drive for John F. Kennedy in New York in

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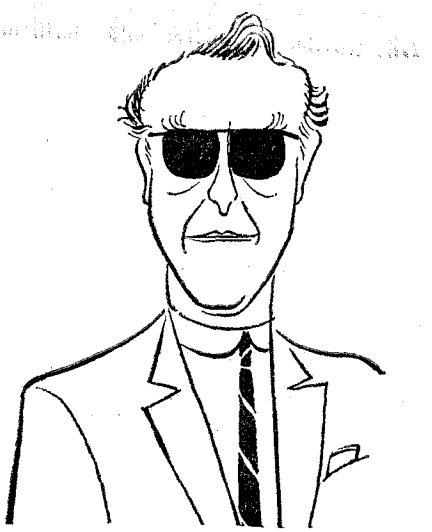
the pre-convention maneuvering. Although Republicans were conceding as early as January, 1960, that a Kennedy nomination would cost them important losses in the state, regardless of the national outcome, Prendergast steadfastly followed the De Sapio line of trying to keep New York uncommitted.

This was a grievous error. Upstate county leaders, who had to get out and fight for the Kennedy ticket, are still resentful that the State Committee kept them under wraps until it was too late to mount successful offensives on the local level for the all-important local offices. And they are further outraged that when New York finally plumped for Kennedy, the State Committee provided them with little or no help. (This is proved by the election statistics. North of the city line, the Kennedy ticket won only where the local organizations, backed in most cases by labor, put on their own shows. In fact, there wasn't a single county upstate that owed a thing to the state organization after the election was over.)

On these grounds, the Kennedy demand for Prendergast's head is inevitable. There are clear indications that the Administration is willing to find a job for Prendergast, an impecunious man who has never managed to set himself up in business; and the odds are that, after appropriate formal refusals, he will accommodate himself to the political realities.

THE CASE of De Sapio is far more complex. As Tammany leaders go, he is clearly one of the best. It would be necessary to go back to the late James J. Dooling, a true but short-lived heir of the great Charlie Murphy, to find a Tammany leader who has been as successful in welding the Democrats into a party.

But De Sapio has serious political drawbacks. In the first place, his early associations are suspect. He was put in office by ex-Mayor O'Dwyer, who left City Hall something less than a hero, and both the Kefauver Committee and the State Crime Commission brought out unsavory associations in the early stages of his career. (Incidentally, given the time and the circumstances, almost every Tammany district leader had to accept such connections to stay alive politically.) Additionally, there are several open political blunders charged against him. On the national scene, he has proved himself something less than adequate. In his two national campaigns — 1956 and 1960 — he deprived New York of its political leverage by indecision: in '56 by sticking to Mayor Wagner for Vice President long after it was apparent that the choice was between Senators Estes Kefauver and John F. Kennedy; and in 1960 by holding out against Kennedy until his arm was twisted to the breaking point.



Carmine De Sapio

But the blackest mark against De Sapio is that he blundered in the 1958 state convention by openly fighting a Governor (Harriman) he was supposed to "own," thus opening the door to the totally unexpected victory of Nelson A. Rockefeller. (At the August Republican convention in that year, such an astute GOP boss as J. Russel Sprague of Nassau County refused to let his star boy, Joseph F. Carlino, now Speaker of the Assembly, run on the state ticket because he feared defeat.)

For that blunder and because he failed to deliver the expected Democratic plurality in New York City last year, De Sapio is now about to pay. And the price has got to be exile from the political scene. De Sapio, who has always craved high public office, could not be tucked away in a federal job without starting the "bossism" fight all over again, with the Kennedy Administration cast in the unsavory role of appeasers.

GIVEN these factors, it is apparent that Prendergast and De Sapio are living on borrowed time. But what gives the matter urgency is the coming mayoralty election in New York City. Mayor Wagner hasn't yet said he is ready to go, but he has pinned his political future on getting rid of De Sapio and that means, almost inevitably, that the Mayor will have to seek a third term before he can hope for political preferment from the national Administration.

This is what is behind Wagner's call for De Sapio's resignation. And Wagner has no doubt of his ability to command renomination, despite hints by De Sapio that another candidate might be entered in the primary. The bald fact is that De Sapio couldn't recruit the other county leaders to fight Wagner for the nomination and, single-handed, he has no chance. Furthermore, De Sapio must know that a primary fight could lead only to disaster. The last time Tammany tried to buck the White House, the city got F. H. La Guardia and the Tiger is still suffering from the wounds. To fight Wagner in the primary would only open the way for another fusion mayor.

Moreover, after you've mentioned Wagner, whom else have the Democrats got for mayor? Controller Lawrence E. Gerosa couldn't even get the support of his own county leader, Rep. Charles Buckley, a Kennedy man from away back. The Controller could, of course, try to run as an independent. He has the money to make the try and claims substantial backing in the contracting industry. But his appeal, if any, is largely to fringe taxpayers' groups and the consensus is that he would suffer the fate of most independents in New York City: oblivion.

So, on balance, it would appear that Wagner is almost certain to come out on top in the Democratic row, with De Sapio and Prendergast retiring to the sidelines.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Toward a Human Order

THE LONG REVOLUTION. By Raymond Williams. Columbia University Press. 370 pp. $5.

Loren Baritz

RAYMOND WILLIAMS has written a book that could not have been written by an American. *The Long Revolution* is alive with a sense of the effectiveness of the individual, of hope, of the relevance of reason to the social process. He is overwhelmed neither by the weight of The Establishment nor by the short-sighted pleasure seeking of The Masses. When American social critics think about the problems of their contemporary society, despair is increasingly the representative result; with us, the individual is often pictured as a creature of his witless and omnipotent society. To an American — or at least this one — the most striking assumption Mr. Williams makes is that there is a social urgency to improved understanding, that tools of social analysis actually will make a difference in real life. For him, accurate perception and reasoned conclusions are not their own rewards; England and the world, he argues, are involved in a revolutionary situation whose outcome depends on understanding. All of which is probably saying nothing more than that he is a Socialist, a member of what is now called in England "the New Left."

AMONG the ingredients that make up the newness of this Left is an abandonment of the revisionist notion that capitalism can be salvaged — altered significantly, but salvaged. Coupled with this is a serious attempt to move beyond political economy, beyond orthodox Socialist liturgics. Mr. Williams argues that "it has been the gravest error of socialism, in revolt against class societies, to limit itself, so often, to the terms of its opponents: to propose a political and economic order, rather than a human order." If socialism continues to be "limited in these ways, it is simply a late form of capitalist politics, or just the more efficient organization of human beings around a system of industrial production." It is with this idea of "a human order" that *The Long Revolution* is concerned.

Mr. Williams shows that the modern mind easily assumes many ideas of conflict that are disabling. His major effort is directed to an exploration of the characteristic relationships of modern English society, relationships which allow him to move beyond such false antagonisms as, for instance, the individual *versus* society, or art *versus* society, or freedom *versus* planning. He means by "the long revolution" the unfolding of democratic, industrial and cultural processes, and the complex interactions among them. In order to consider the enormous range of material demanded by such an approach he was fortunately forced to move, as he said, "beyond the limits of any kind of academic prudence."

It was predictable that he would reject the idea of individualism that is still central to America's understanding of itself. The entire concept of the individual is archaic: "man is born into relationships." It was necessary for Williams to wrestle with the Existentialists' notion of individual authenticity which, he says, was predicated on the idea that man was either a servant or a subject of society; viewed as a participating *member* of a satisfying community, however, man as a social creature may achieve a genuine authenticity. Then, displaying what one learns to expect from him, he corrects for an overextension in the other direction: "If the old individualism artificially isolated the 'bare human being,' there is equal danger in certain trends in the new sociology which isolates the group, the society or the culture as an absolute point of reference." The individual remains unique and sufficiently powerful to shape the society which continues to shape him. The proper point of analysis is precisely on the relationship and, in time, we may learn enough even to dispense with the two distinct abstractions.

It is characteristic of modern individualism, he says, to define itself in negative terms. "There has been a very widespread retreat from social thinking, rationalized by the formula that almost all good things are done by individuals, almost all bad things by societies." Such a position must lead the individual to protect himself from the grinding force of the inhuman and dehumanizing machine. Mr. Williams is tough enough to admit that this position has "great strength and emotional substance," that the very existence of such an idea is proof of "major social failure." Withdrawal and apathy, however, must leave society unreformed. The assumed reality of the self coupled with the assumed unreality of society, the masses, or power, creates the mood which further assumes that "things" can either resist serious change or else can only deteriorate even further. This mood is most congenial to the elites who profit from "things" as they are; power may then be more quietly perpetuated.

TO MOVE from the individual to art is easy enough (though Mr. Williams does it in reverse order), since art is widely held to be the most individual activity left to men. Again it is the relationship that counts: "To succeed in art is to convey an experience to others in such a form that the experience is actively re-created — not 'contemplated,' not 'examined,' not passively received, but . . . actually lived through, by those to whom it is offered." Aesthetic theory characteristically excludes communication "as a social fact." And, for him, communication "is the crux of art." (How one would love to show him through the Whitney.)

Art, like the individual, is a social creature, yet, like the individual, it is unique and powerful. It cannot be understood apart from its social setting but that setting is not determining. "It is then not a question of relating the art to the society, but of studying all the activities and the interrelations, without any concession of priority to any one of them we may choose to abstract." Art and society are not polar terms; both must be grasped if either is to be.

The problem of the assumed bad taste of the Great Unwashed is also unreal. The state of formal culture in England is a direct result of capitalism. To say — and how often have Americans heard this? — that people get or buy or consume what they want misses the essential point. No competition is allowed between good and bad, because quick profits can be had from a massive distribution of the bad. "Most of our cultural institutions are in the hands of speculators, interested not in the

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health and growth of the society, but in the quick profits that can be made by exploiting inexperience." He knows "of no better reason for capitalism to be ended."

Mr. Williams is a man of great faith. *The Long Revolution* is a serious, intelligent and original book. One wishes that the literary style was less club-footed. One could not wish for more penetration or less cant. Should this book occasion as much serious and informed discussion here as it seems to be doing in England, that fact alone might justify his faith.

His conviction that what he calls the Americanization of England can be prevented through the efforts of men of good will and good sense leads me to wonder whether England is actually so much simpler than the United States. Perhaps Americans have been trained to cynicism for so long that any positive policy automatically produces an amused and very sophisticated yawn. Mr. Williams deserves better of us.

The Art in Art

ART AND ILLUSION. By E. H. Gombrich. Pantheon Books (Bollinger Series). 466 pp. $10.

THE METAMORPHOSIS OF THE GODS. By André Malraux. Translated by Stuart Gilbert. Doubleday & Co. 394 pp. $20.

Harold Clurman

THOUGH these two books are altogether dissimilar in writing, approach and purpose they have something in common. Both lead toward an acceptance of the principles of contemporary art. In effect, both deny that representation is the aim of art. The only period in which illusionism appeared to be the artist's goal was that between 1400 and 1860. Again and again Malraux rings changes on Aristotle's dictum that art seeks "to depict the hidden meaning of things not in their appearance: for in this profounder truth lies their true reality, which is not apparent in their outward forms.... Poetic creation is truer than methodological investigation of that which is." In language closer to Aristotle's than to Malraux's, Gombrich agrees.

For a long time it was supposed that the whole history of art might be summed up as the gradual discovery of appearances. Both Gombrich and Malraux reject this assumption. In other words, if primitive peoples did not make images which more or less accurately mirrored what men and things look like, it was not simply because they did not have the technical knowledge to do so.

Gombrich's thesis, to begin with, is that it is virtually impossible to copy nature in the so-called photographic sense of the word. His book, subtitled "A Study in the Psychology of Pictorial Representation," instructs us that the makers of images always worked from schemata—technical formulas which supply the means whereby an object may be represented. In different periods ever new schemata were adopted as traps to snare reality—though none, as Gombrich shows, is ever to be regarded as identical with it. "Before the artist wanted to match the sights of the visible world he wanted to create things in their own right." Artists are makers rather than matchers.

Gombrich adduces examples from olden times down to our ads and the cartoons of our humorous magazines. The key emphasis of his book is that "all paintings owe more to other paintings than they do to direct observation." The reader is impressed in going through *Art and Illusion* with the vast array of documentation — copiously and handsomely illustrated—which proves that even those works we think of as strictly representational "distort" actuality.

Gombrich's book is not an essay in aesthetics. Its main purpose is to point out how various artists have labored in the technical sense and in what manner the different schemata (or conventions) they employed developed and became useful. Though it is true, as Gombrich suggests, that for many generations the craft goal in art has been the solution of problems in illusion, he does not try to explain why a particular artist or group of artists at a given moment of history will concentrate on a special problem and why a people at a certain time will be most cordial to a particular solution. These are the questions of style and aesthetics.

Malraux's book, which traces a line of development from the ancient Egyptians and Greeks down through to Giotto, Van Eyck and Botticelli, does not specifically seek to answer those crucial questions either. But the way Malraux writes, his flair rather than his doctrine, brings us near the heart of the matter. Malraux is critic-poet rather than an analyst or historian. (Nevertheless his book overflows with historical allusions—too many of them tossed off as if the reader were already acquainted with the antecedent data, and some, we suspect, more akin to feats of imagination than to sober information.)

Malraux refers to art images as forms of Truth. But Truth here does not signify the scrupulous recording of objective reality. In Egypt Truth was the sacred, in Greece it was the divine, in Giotto the essence of the Christian saga, etc. Malraux finds inspired generalizations to describe these terms, and the somewhat metaphysical descriptions are exciting even when they are not inescapably lucid. When he arrives at Van Eyck and Fouquet (who, compared to the ancients, might be classed as representational artists), Malraux again stresses that while we admire their skill for the lifelikeness of their paintings, we revere their genius for creating "that uncharted world toward which all great painters are forever groping their way."

"A sense of the divine, like that of the sacred," Malraux says "is innate in mankind," and he finds it quite easy to present us with the graphic proof of this in the past. But "the aim of this book," he adds, "is to reveal the significance of the fact that man has always sought an answer to the problem set by the spark of eternity implicit in him...."

THAT almost all ancient art had a religious character is something we knew before reading Malraux; so we assume as we peruse *"The Metamorphosis of the Gods* that he will end by telling us that contemporary art has a very different nature. But, on the contrary, he speaks of "all religious art (like ours)...." His emphasis on the relative unimportance of "the evidence of the senses" as an artistic criterion—the motive of his book in fact—is not intended to support the claims of abstract art practice today but to justify himself, an agnostic, in what is fundamentally a religious quest. Malraux is a doubter in search of a faith.

Is that faith to be art itself? For does not art, through the pains it takes to trace not only a silhouette of our sensory life, but of our dreams and moral inclinations, testify to the immanence of some great superrational truth? Painting in this light might be said to become its own subject and object. This is where Malraux's aesthetic seems to lead. Yet before he settles for this as his ultimate conclusion he would no doubt prefer to revert to the religious premises of his book to find some resolution there for his present impasse.

Gombrich points out that since the late eighteenth and nineteenth centuries art has become "the struggle against the

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schema." In this way he not only explains the gradual breakdown of the notion of a "scientifically" representational art but his own reservations in regard to the most recent non-objective art movements. Art, he believes, aims at expression, but "we cannot judge expression without an awareness of the choice situation" or context. "Where we have no matrix, no keyboard, we cannot assess the meaning of an individual feature. Where everything is possible and nothing unexpected, communication must break down."

Gombrich's systematic exposition comes to a point where it finds its complement in Malraux's dilemma. The absence of a generally accepted graphic schema in contemporary art parallels Malraux's loss of the "sacred and the divine," terms more specific for him than the generalized concept of "religious" yearning. We are nowhere at the moment except for a fanatic conviction that art is art, just as life itself is its own justification. This is a credo that makes little logical sense — only "sensible" or existential sense.

BOTH Gombrich and Malraux's books affirm the proposition that even in such paintings as those of Vermeer, Chardin and Courbet "a picture's value becomes independent of its theme." But to say that a picture's theme is unimportant is not the same as saying that a picture has no content. It is silly to assert that Cézanne was not interested in his apples, but in his *picture*. This not only fails to explain the presence of the apples but the value of the picture. To elucidate a painting solely in terms of tensions, balance, spatial rhythm or color relationship, etc., is in the final account begging the question. It is like discussing literature solely in terms of vocabulary.

The value in art, the *art* in art, lies in its content. In action painting and other non-figurative works some of the content may be found in the very lack of an immediately identifiable subject matter. (Art, we must always remember, cannot be anything but "abstract" just as it is also always "real"; for not even a realistically painted cow gives milk and a pot of paint flung at a canvas has substance.) The enjoyment we experience in looking at a painting, whatever its theme and subject matter or any apparent lack of them, comes from some intimation of its content. The critic's task is to define that content and, if possible, to weigh it in some scale of values of his own creation or choice.

The content of an art work, it is important to add, is not entirely inherent within itself. It is not nor can it possibly be independent of everything else. Even the "abstract" or most subjective painting is to some degree an "imitation"—a reflection of something in the world.

Most art books have very little to do with art as I understand it. They are usually descriptions of surface phenomena or historical exegeses. They do for the graphic arts what certain textual explanations do for literature. Such art books aid us in observing detail, sharpen our perceptions and thus may quicken appreciation. Gombrich's book is a classic in this category. Malraux's book which belongs to that peculiarly French tradition of Baudelaire's poem *The Beacons* (*Les Phares*) that goes: "Rubens, river of forgetfulness, garden of indolence. . . . Leonardo da Vinci, deep dark mirror," etc., etc., is like an ecstatic exclamation through which we decipher an interpretation of what certain works of art mean to one highly sensitized person. Gombrich in his calm gravity may occasionally make us drowsy. The feverish Malraux in his strangely long-winded breathlessness spurting inflamed apothegms becomes irritating at times as well as taxing. His impressionism combines a faculty for rapid Cartesian formulations with an almost delirious mysticism — indicative of the struggle in the man between his brilliant intellect and his spirit hungry for some soul-sustaining (or holy) nourishment.

Stuart Gilbert's translation of *The Metamorphosis of the Gods*, in view of the special nature of Malraux's prose, is an extraordinary performance. The book is wondrously illustrated, but it may be said of the text itself that one must read it several times or not at all.

Poetry To Tell a Story

THE ANNALS OF LOGAN. By Robert Graham. Holt, Rinehart and Winston. 216 pp. $4.95.

HORATIO. By Hyam Plutzik. Atheneum. 89 pp. $4.

KO, OR A SEASON ON EARTH. By Kenneth Koch. Grove Press. 115 pp. $1.75.

MADONNA OF THE CELLO. By Robert Bagg. Wesleyan University Press. 88 pp. $1.25.

Walker Gibson

SOME RECENT publications of narrative poetry invite some old questions. Why write a story in verse rather than in good straightforward prose? What advantage does verse offer to the writer with a tale to tell—and what difficulties does it involve? What, after all, is the difference between prose and verse?

To this last, consider a simple, or simple-minded, response. It is a matter of typography. Prose, you see, moves from the left-hand margin to the right-hand margin, and when it gets there it starts again on the next line. These lines are organized by the designer or printer, not the author, and the entire page is decently filled with solid print. Not so, of course, with poetry, where the poet himself makes the decisions: my line shall begin here, and end there. What I have to say, the poet implies, is *special*: it can't just start at the left and end anywhere, according to a printer's ruler — it must go *my* way. And so the page of poetry, as we look at it, contains a large amount of wasted, or anyway empty, white space.

There is inevitable pretension, then, in everything the poet utters. I am a singer, he cries, and I care not for the wastage of white paper. That is all very well for the lyric poet, and all very well for the satirist, who can operate only by echoing the forms of his more solemn brethren. But for the writer of a long poetic narrative — especially a serious one — the peculiar pretensions of the form do pose some serious obstacles. How is one to keep it up, being special? How can one *sing* all the time, when there are all those other fairly mundane matters to deal with, like moving characters from place to place, introducing new scenes, describing people, and all the various chores of the novelist? This double responsibility places a considerable burden on the skill of the narrative poet.

When the skill is lacking, the collapse is far more dismal than in any bad novel. For if the words are flat and familiar, they seem all the more so when placed in lines of verse, surrounded by all that ostentatious white paper. And the shorter the lines, the larger the white space, the greater the collapse. A new book called *The Annals of Logan*, a long and bitter narrative about business life, provides plenty of examples. The prosiest conversation is expressed in dramatically terse lines that exaggerate the flatness:

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He is fortunate
to have sufficient
remaining
talent
to be kept here,

or:

It
is most
disturbing:
That man, Gordon
for the past month, now . . .

It is easy, of course, to pluck from any long poem a few lines that look silly in isolation, but the point is that in *The Annals of Logan* there is no other language against which to measure the triteness of the quoted samples. No narrator intrudes, who knows better. All that hocus-pocus with varied line length cannot disguise the triteness, and in fact accentuates it. The author, Robert Graham, is an ex-executive of several corporations, we are told, now apparently licking his wounds in Mexico; presumably this is his first published attempt at poetry, and it looks it.

WHEN the skill is there, the long poem is considerably more palatable, though problems remain. Hyam Plutzik, whose *Horatio* has just been published, has plenty of skill; he uses a long, loose blank-verse line with a good deal of variety, and he knows what he is doing. In this narrative Mr. Plutzik carries out the somewhat curious desire to speculate how Horatio fulfilled Hamlet's dying command:

Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain
To tell my story.

So poor Horatio wanders about getting older and queerer, while a lot of people misunderstand his dead hero, some of them quite amusingly. After several adventures, too many of them inside Horatio's own rambling head, he finally figures out that Hamlet meant something else altogether:

Meaning "Live!" when saying "Live for me!";
Meaning "Horatio, live and be yourself!"

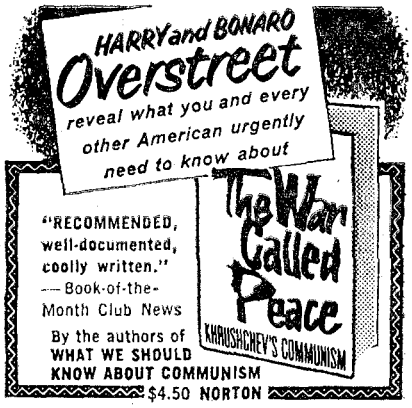
Mr. Plutzik has some wild and savage Northern drama in this poem, occasionally reminiscent of the tough Norse materials of Winfield Townley Scott's much-admired *The Dark Sister* a few years ago. He also invites comparison with Auden's more philosophical mode in *The Sea and the Mirror*, based on *The Tempest*. But most of all, Mr. Plutzik reminds me of Browning — pretty good Browning too, and there's the rub. *The Ring and the Book* is a wonderful poem, but how many have read it through lately? *Horatio's* 89 pages are a few too many to be supported by what its author has to say to us.

Some of the difficulties inherent in the long narrative poem are avoided by the out-and-out comedian, the satirist on the *Don Juan* model. When the narrator acknowledges with every syllable that he is kidding us, we do not accuse him of pretension, and the lines and rhymes become integral parts of the fun. Of course we can then accuse him of monotony, failing to amuse, an easy hyperbole, and all the other pitfalls of the funny man. Kenneth Koch's recent *Ko, or a Season on Earth* is an enormous *jeu d'esprit* of five cantos and 115 pages that bounces along balancing half a dozen zany plots simultaneously. The plots are world-wide and uniformly incredible, though it does not follow that they are uniformly funny. The best one is about the titular hero, Ko, a young Japanese who becomes a pitcher for the Dodgers and whose fast ball is so fast that it wrecks the grandstands, not to mention the catchers. A pleasant sub-plot concerns some high-school girls in Kansas who decide to go about henceforth without any clothes, to the unalloyed delight of the citizenry of Kansas. Some of the other plots, perhaps inevitably, are harmed by an exaggeration and whimsy utterly unbridled. The ingenuity of the rhymes, for example, is often plain irritating and distracting.

"I have
No pitchers left!" he cries, while on Rizitznikov's
Left shoulder, a canary lands who's rav-
Ished by the true-life sturdiness and hits it off, 's
Contented, and he sings. Ko sees a dav-
Enport inside the cottage with some bits hit off, 's
Confused, with that and the canary . . .

The canary in this passage seems to me a fine stroke, but the technical obstacles placed before the reader are formidable. Mr. Koch uses the Byronic stanza, and Lord knows Byron handed his readers plenty of obstacles too, and knew, even less than Mr. Koch does, when to call a halt. At the same time, Mr. Koch is a poet and stays one throughout: no one could possibly wish that he had written *Ko* as a novel.

Between the prosy solemnities of a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Robert Graham and the rococo frivolities of a Kenneth Koch, there may be a third way of composing narrative verse for our time that can avoid both these extremes. In *Madonna of the Cello* the young poet Robert Bagg has achieved a number of shorter narratives that are most exciting. They are youthful, romantic poems, and their subject is the violence and sexuality of childhood and young manhood. But their combinations of exuberant wit, parody, literary high jinks on the one hand, with serious feeling on the other, are what give them their special promise.

> Beside the ballads from my radio,
> Heartbroken, but not telling the half of it,
> Angelfish making love in a wobbly bowl
> Reminded me of white hands caressing . . .

or:

> "This *is* May Eve!" What a brilliant thrill that was!
> Tom Gould, for all his whimsy, was out cold,
> And I limped trembling for my brazen glass.

The useful perception of Terry Southern in a *Nation* article last year (April 23, 1960), pointing out the essential comic quality in "serious" novels like *As I Lay Dying*, may bear some implications for the writer of narrative poetry. One way, at least, of *using* the verse form and justifying all that white space is to speak through a narrator's voice that mocks its own singing and jokes at its own pretentiousness. As the novelists have certainly shown us, this does not at all prevent such a voice from speaking finally for a serious and genuine work of art.

The Limited View

BURKE, DISRAELI, AND CHURCHILL: The Politics of Perseverance. By Stephen R. Graubard. Harvard University Press. 262 pp. $5.

B. R. Jerman

IN VIEW OF recent interest in "Conservatism," it is not surprising that a book appears dealing with the three major figures who are thought to have contributed to its development: Burke its father, Disraeli its chief hero and Churchill its latest great proponent in the arena of practical politics. By his own introductory statement, Mr. Graubard's book rescues these three men from their "disciples," shows that the Conservative label applied to them is not wrong but insufficient, discusses the "creative" aspects of their careers, compares their minds and the careers "which developed from them," examines their views "against the background of a rapidly changing political and social order," reveals the changes that occurred in the "popular mood," adds "a new dimension" to the history of Great Britain since the middle of the eighteenth century, etc., etc., etc.

In an intrepid and ponderous fifteen-page introduction, a young historian at Harvard sets forth his grand project: a seventy-page "essay" on Burke, eighty-two pages on Disraeli (the index alone in the unpretentious six-volume life of Disraeli by Monypenny and Buckle runs beyond seventy pages) and seventy-two on Churchill. (The rest is made up of end-papers, acknowledgments, a bibliographical note and an index.) It is not probable that the destiny of Burke or Disraeli or Churchill — or, indeed, Conservativism — is dependent in posterity upon this 262-page digest of their lives and times.

WHEN Graubard speaks of "ideas" and "background" and "dimension," he does not mean in the realm of the history of ideas, a discipline by no means new to historians. He sees Burke as the hireling of Rockingham, Disraeli as motivated by revenge for having been overlooked by Peel in 1841 and Churchill as "a restless adventurer." Nor is he apparently more profoundly acquainted with the workings of the "creative" process. He supposes that poets are victims of the imagination. He sees ambition only in the simplest terms, as personal advancement, which is precisely the way it was seen by the formidable mid-Victorian middle class.

Graubard might not be expected to turn up any new information about his subjects (although a good many historians still manage to work with manuscripts), but it is reasonable to assume that he might be conversant with the old information, conservative though this suggestion may be. He should know, for example, that Burke was in the main stream when in 1756 he attempted to "ridicule arguments which asserted the superiority of natural over political society." This, Graubard says, "was an unorthodox position in the eighteenth century—a time when worship of *nature* and *natural* seemed almost an article of religious faith for those who thought themselves enlightened." Any literary history shows that Rousseau was as yet a small voice, that "primitivism"was a tendency rather than a trend this early, that classical tradition continued to be the mode well into the third quarter of the century.

Graubard is more interested in summarizing the plots of Disraeli's novels and showing that they are "improbable" than in searching into the possible relevancy to Conservatism of *The Voyage of Captain Popanilla,* Disraeli's early speeches on the hustings, his High Radical connection, his association with Lyndhurst, his "Runnymede" letters, or *The Spirit of Whiggism.* It is odd that Graubard can talk about Disraeli's "revolutionary mind" and not his *Revolutionary Epick.*

As to Churchill, the suggestion that he broke with the Tories early in his career because "he much preferred the company of people like himself" needs little comment. Churchill's greatness, not to mention his contribution to Conservatism, lies in the simple fact that he was no ordinary party hack. As A. L. Rowse, the ablest commentator on the Churchills in recent years, points out, he always transcended the narrow limitations of party politics.

It is disheartening that a book on so important a topic should display only a minimum of research and a limited visibility. Even in this age of lobbying, whenever an exciting political figure is again presented for our observation, we are inclined to sit up and take notice, no matter what his politics may have been. A goodly percentage of our politicians have been a dull lot. Burke, Disraeli and Churchill — even "Conservatism" — have already earned our attention, and it seems likely that they will survive.

B. R. JERMAN, author of The Young Disraeli (*Princeton Univ. Press*) *teaches English at the University of Maryland.*

A Life

for L. K.

> Turning aside into the dark
> to make a country,
> a closed discourse of familiar
> sounds, shapes on the
> grey windows when it's raining,
> enough names to sit watching a
> wet street, pointing out men
> walking, and to say There,
> that is John, come in at last.

ROBERT KELLY

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THEATRE

Harold Clurman

JACK RICHARDSON'S *Gallows Humor* (Gramercy Arts Theatre) is a two-faced coin minted from the metal of conformity. Last year Mr. Richardson gave us *The Prodigal* about which the least that might be said is that it showed promise. *Gallows Humor* still promises.

In Part I of the new play the warden of a prison introduces Lucy, a prostitute, to Walter who is to be hung for a capital crime. This is a special service of the particular prison Richardson has imagined for us. The condemned are to be offered the solace of sex before their execution.

Walter rejects Lucy's favor, not out of any ordinary squeamishness but from a sense of protocol. The prisoner was a lawyer who believed in a society and a world run according to fixed rules. These rules, he thought, were inviolate, especially the ones governing the administration of justice. When one day he lost a case in which his client was suing for damages that were clearly due her—lost it only because she was seized with an epic fit of hiccups just before the jury retired for its verdict—the lawyer became unhinged. He was plunged into a state of spiritual anarchy attended by thoroughly irrational behavior and reaching a climax in the brutal murder of his wife. But when Walter was sentenced, order seemed to him to have been restored; life had once again been put back on its proper track. He was thus enabled to contemplate the prospect of his hanging with equanimity. The offer of pleasure with Lucy brings on a renewed fear of disorder: he is on the verge of committing another murder.

The wily and perceptive Lucy is not to be put off: in what amounts to a lightning analysis of Walter's case—his phobia masks a bent toward the enjoyment of chaos which he has gone to extreme limits to quell—she induces him to take her. As he is about to do so he becomes human, humorous and wryly "optimistic."

The moral of this is that the turmoil and distress of existence are preferable by far to the antiseptic perfection of any external law. It is more creative to face the "nausea" of life's anxiety—to borrow the Sartrian vocabulary—than to accept the falsity or "bad faith" of received ritual.

In Part II, which takes place in the executioner's kitchen, the executioner startles his wife and the warden by asking to wear a hood—medieval fashion—in the future practice of his function. This is a symptom, the executioner's wife explains, of her husband's recent rash of restlessness. The man who has for so long been a model of regularity has developed eccentric tendencies toward playfulness, waywardness and carefreeness. Indeed, when the executioner finds the warden making a pass at his wife, he rejoices instead of being outraged. For now he has been delivered of his tightest bond with conformity: he will leave his wife as well as his job—and roam. But he has been bound so long that his bondage has become a habit he cannot break. He is forever its and his wife's slave.

THE related playlets are fluently written (perhaps they suffer from logorrhea) in a manner that suggests—as does the general complexion of the dramatic thinking — strong French influence (Anouilh is evident here, as was Giraudoux in *The Prodigal*). The verbiage and the paradox of the plotting are not without their fun and are certainly not conventional. In this respect *Gallows Humor* is most welcome.

Yet as the words pour out one feels a certain forcing, a willful deliberateness of the mind rather than a spontaneous expression of the spirit. Intelligence is present rather than personality; one feels a studied fabrication of what might be said and what might be deemed a clever way of saying it rather than true originality. But Mr. Richardson is young and may in time develop a content and a speech altogether his own.

The play's performance by three sympathetic actors — Gerald Hiken (condemned man and executioner), Julie Bovasso (prostitute and executioner's wife), Vincent Gardenia (warden) — is entirely proficient, though one is not entirely sure that they are to the manner born.

IF THREE YEARS AGO you missed the Moiseyev Ballet of folk dancers from Moscow you should see them now at the Metropolitan (and from May 16 at Madison Square Garden). They combine youthful good nature, vigor, fabulous strength, technique and discipline with enormous gusto. Their show is joyous entertainment. The number entitled "Partisans" is a masterpiece. The "surprise encore" at the end is a take-off on American rock and roll; it is delicious satire, for the dance is performed with a zest whose significance is quite different from that of our native product.

RECORDS

Lester Trimble

SAMUEL BARBER, who is already one of the most extensively recorded of American composers, has been further represented in the catalogues by recent issues from Composers Recordings, Inc. and Vanguard. On the CRI label, Barber's *Concerto for Violin and Orchestra* is played by violinist Wolfgang Stavonhagen and the Imperial Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of Japan. On the reverse side of the record is the *First Symphony*, performed by the Japan Philharmonic Symphony. Both works are led by the young American conductor, William Strickland (CRI-137).

LESTER TRIMBLE was this month awarded a $2,000 grant by The National Institute of Arts and Letters in recognition of his work as a composer.

The Vanguard disc presents five works: the *Second Essay for Orchestra; Music for a Scene from Shelley; A Stop Watch and an Ordnance Map; Serenade*

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for Strings, and the chamber opera, *A Hand of Bridge*. These are conducted by Vladimir Golschmann. The performers are the Symphony of the Air; the Robert DeCormier Chorale; and vocal soloists Patricia Neway, soprano, Eunice Alberts, contralto, William Lewis, tenor, and Philip Maero, baritone (VRS-1065). On both discs, performances are exceedingly good, and so are all technical recording aspects.

Samuel Barber's music presents no barrier to immediate comprehension. It is beautifully crafted, elegant, and obviously intended to win over the listener and to communicate on first hearing. Though Barber is a conservative composer, he usually finds ways to express his individuality without putting aside the palette of generic ideas which are familiar from music of the Romantic and Post-Romantic periods. How he manages to do this is difficult to define: a fragment of harmony here; an unexpected turn of phrase there. It should follow that such music, being essentially backward-looking, is uninteresting and derivative; but that is not the case. Though you may recognize perfectly well that a given technique or texture comes from Brahms or some other Romantic composer, Barber usually employs it to make a statement of his own. He is not an eclectic. Some of the works in his catalogue, such as the opera *Vanessa*, betray an atmosphere of elegant aesthetic fatigue that disturbs me greatly. The chamber opera, *A Hand of Bridge*, suffers slightly from this malaise. (Could it be that the librettos by Gian-Carlo Menotti condition Barber's thinking?) But the main body of his work is possessed of considerable strength, deceptively underplayed.

The compositions offered on these two discs are convincing testimony of Barber's right to pre-eminence among conservative American composers. The *Violin Concerto* is immaculately written and conceived. It carries almost the exact aesthetic weight of Prokofieff's neo-Romantic *Second Violin Concerto;* indeed, violinists and conductors who are enamored of the Russian work might take a second look at this one as a handsome alternate. It is graceful, high-minded and exceedingly effective. The *First Symphony,* though technically secure in all respects, is less distinctive. Here one sometimes senses too strongly the backlog of Romantic ideas — rather like a cross-breeding of Sibelius, Strauss, Puccini and Rachmaninoff. At a certain point, about half way through the symphony, however, Barber's own personality takes over, and the work suddenly gains authority.

This quality is maintained in the *Second Essay for Orchestra.* In this somewhat later work the ideas are more sharply outlined, and the rhythmic structure exudes more energy. The *Music for a Scene by Shelley* is appropriately elegiac, sensitive and Romantic. It ripples. The *Serenade for Strings*, written when Barber was only nineteen, is naturally less definitive in style than the other works on this disc, but the craftsmanship is just as clean as in the composer's later music. *A Stop Watch and an Ordnance Map*, a work for male chorus with percussion and brass, was set to a poem by Stephen Spender, inspired by the Spanish Civil War. It is a bit too conventional in choral and harmonic style for my taste, but none the less effective.

RCA VICTOR has come out recently with a number of recordings of operatic excerpts. One of these is taken from a 1941 broadcast by the NBC Symphony Orchestra with Toscanini conducting, and Helen Traubel and Lauritz Melchior as soloists. They are heard in excerpts from *Die Walküre* (Act I, Scene 3) and *Die Götterdämmerung* (Daybreak; Brünnhilde and Siegfried Duet; Siegfried's Rhine Journey). There is only one word for these performances: magnificent! I have heard few recordings which compare in musicianship and sheer vocal splendor (RCA Victor LM-2452).

Leonard Bernstein's performance of the Mahler *Symphony No. 4* with the the New York Philharmonic is rather disappointing. Though superficially accurate, it sounds hard-driven. The subtly correct tempi which good Viennese conductors seem to find by instinct, were not apparently available to Bernstein when he made this recording, and the result is a performance which often sounds self-conscious, arbitrary, or forced (Columbia ML-5485).

The Grand Canyon

It is still early, yet
Clear waves of heat,
Eye-watering, dilute
What powers drive
The warped pine to the brink.
You, too, must conquer
Involuntary nausea
Before you look. Far under-
foot are your wept-over
Sunsets, your every year
Deepened perspectives, layer
On monstrous layer of mouse,
Marigold, madder—
All petrifying, not
To be approached without
Propitiatory oohs.
By all means undertake
A descent on gargoyle-faced ass-back
To the degrading yellow
River. This first mistake
Made by your country is also
The most sublime.
Just let its convulsions
Mimic your heart's
And you will guess the source.
Be strong then. Find no fault
With the white-wigged, the quartz-
Pated up there, wrapped
In whipping vestments, neither
Man can corrupt
Nor heaven wholly melt.
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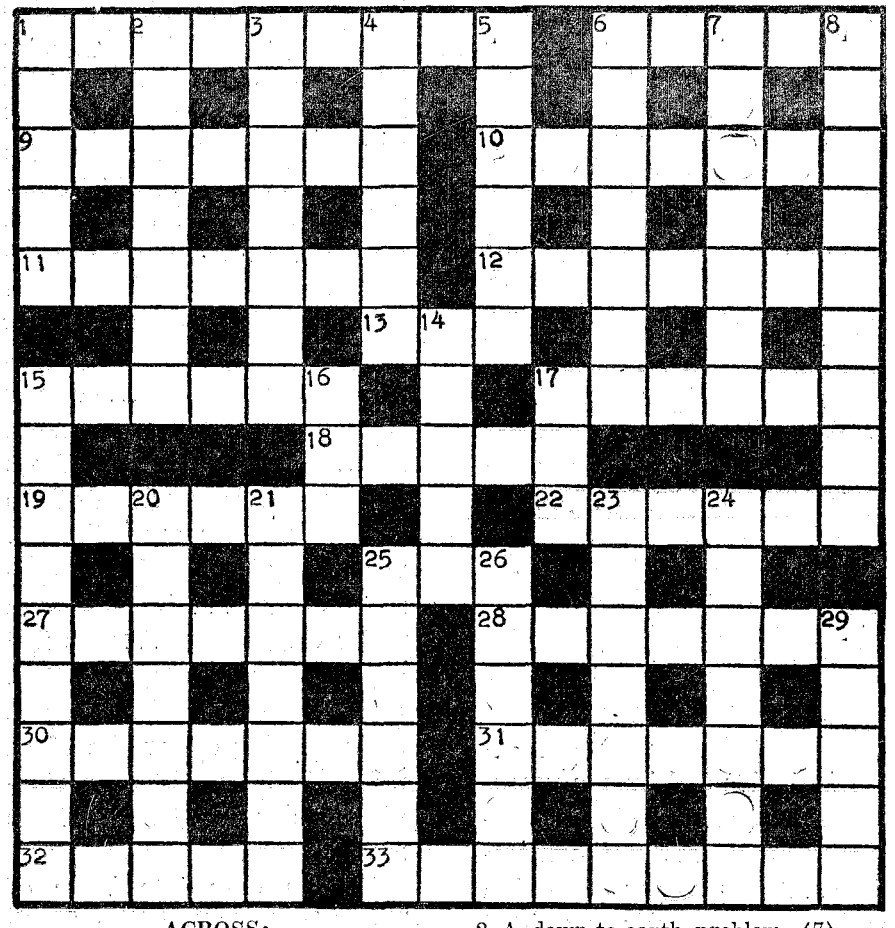
By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Worship, he found, was applied to the old miscreant. (9)
9 and 6 across Evidently speech, for the present. (3, 4, 2, 3)
10 The bad part of "maybe", "yes", or even "no". (7)
11 Allow a sort of comforter after the shock? (3-4)
12 His glen is close to the Scottish sort. (7)
13 and 18 Card gang of old works for light effects. (3, 5)
15 Fashions sound like the things one got over at one time. (6)
17 Great's the word for the old actor!
19 This orchard plot might be familiar to a 17 across. (6)
22 Some say girls who are don't get the sound of it. (6)
25 Franklin said he never would an office. (3)
27 This might tally with a good place for notions. (7)
28 How other Barons lie sometime, in addition to Munchausen. (2, 5)
30 Like a form of silica, you might find a battered pail in one. (7)
31 No kinds of stoppers are, to be sure. (7)
32 Is inclined to be a collection of scoundrels. (5)
33 Is a false story about to create Santa and his helpers? (9)

DOWN:

1 Vicki Baum's was grand. (5)
2 A down-to-earth problem. (7)
3 A particular order of pie is given to me in the abstract. (7)
4 A thing of abomination? (6)
5 and 6 Might they be accidently hit, e.g., with subterranean deposits of flint, properly speaking? (6, 2, 5)
7 It's certainly not to lose in the weakened spirit of childhood's pains!
8 It sounds as though it should grow in strands! (5, 4)
14 Touches but the heart, as outside.
15 Gunny? (9)
16 What the bashful may be missing?
17 Dry? (Soak the end and it will be hidden.) (3)
20 Is the bird not early enough to follow as an example? (7)
21 Inter, as for keeps! (7)
23 Is Hanson a praiseworthy sort? (7)
24 Fetter. (7)
25 Displays a trend which might be hot. (6)
26 The temperament to fool a Marshal? (6)
29 The Elder (poetic) and the Younger (prose). (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 913

ACROSS: 1 Left turn; 5 Tippet; 9 Bengali; 10 Indices; 11 Desists; 12 Traffic; 13 Extravagances; 15 Intercessions; 21 Grapple; 22 Gradual; 23 Inflect; 24 Naivete; 25 Golden; 26 Repartee. DOWN: 1 Libido; 2 Finesse; 3 Transit; 4 Reinstatement; 6 Indiana; 7 Pacific; 8 Test case; 10 Intransigence; 14 Tingling; 16 Tearful; 17 Replete; 18 Ocarina; 19 Student; 20 Fleece.

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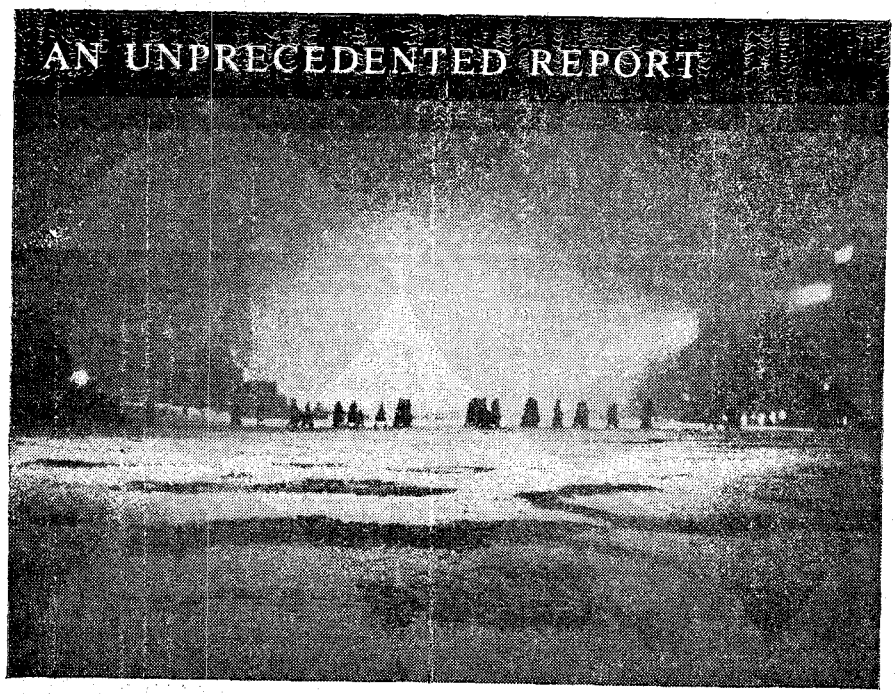

THE MOOD OF THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE

"Returning to Russia after an absence of two or three years, a foreigner is struck at once by the improvement in living standards . . . there is less poverty . . . people are better and more stylishly dressed . . . on streets, in restaurants and shops, where an abnormal, frightening silence prevailed a few years ago, one now hears loud talk and laughter . . . but the overwhelming majority of Russians would gladly trade whatever glory is theirs . . . for the comfort of a quiet, normal life . . . Their doubts and human yearnings create an atmosphere of tension which is—at times—unbearable . . . The younger generation feels less emotionally committed to the system and better able to evaluate it without illusions . . . Most of the nation is willing to suffer anything—even a tyrannical government—to avoid the nightmare of war, civil or foreign . . . The U-2 incident was not a major shock to the Russian public . . . because spying is such a commonplace of their daily lives."

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